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The Week

THE continued success of the Southern armies and the waning influence of Communism in the Hankow government are the outstanding developments at present in China. The alliance between Chiang Kai-shek and Feng Yu-hsiang has already had important military results; they and their minor allies now have more than a quarter of a million men, and are advancing steadily on Peking. Chang Tso-lin, who opposes them, has an underfed, poorly clothed and unpaid army, whose morale is uncertain, even for China. Many of his soldiers have already deserted to the side of the Southerners, with their attractive nationalistic program and demand for the abolition of special privileges for foreigners. The notorious opposition of the Feng-Chiang coalition to Communism destroys the value of Chang's allegation that he is the only official anti-Bolshevist. Feng's defection from Hankow leaves that government with forces estimated at no more than 80,000, of dubious loyalty. Already, it is said, his demand that the Russian advisers be deported has been accepted to some extent, and a number of them have started for Urga. The Pravda, of Moscow, which ought to know, is openly mourning the failure, for the present, of the attempt at Communist revolution in China.

IN EXPECTATION of the Southerners' success, the foreign powers are hurrying troops into Northern China to protect the lives and property of their citizens. Once again the effort is being made, as it was along the Yangtse, to bring about united action under a common policy. The subject has been discussed at Geneva, where representatives of Great Britain, Japan and the United States are gathered for the conference on limitation of naval armament, and the negotiations there have resulted in a public warning by Chao-hsin Chu, Chinese representative on the League Council, that "the Nationalist government," for which he now professes to speak, will not accept any agreement as to which it is not consulted in advance. The steadfast refusal of the United States prevented concerted action, in the form of serious military and naval measures, in the recent crisis following the Nanking affair; and subsequent events have completely demonstrated the wisdom of our course. What we then did, and President Coolidge's declaration on April 25 that "we do not wish to pursue any course of aggression against the Chinese people" have strikingly increased the good will with which America is regarded by Chinese leaders. Concerted action is not necessary for the protection of foreign lives and property; it would be sure to react disastrously in the future. We trust President Coolidge will continue to follow his present wise course.

THE resignation of Ambassador Sheffield had long been foreshadowed. He has been notoriously out of sympathy with the recent policy of the administration toward Mexico, believing that a much more dictatorial attitude would have been desirable. Before being appointed to the post he has just relinquished, it will be remembered, he was a successful corporation lawyer of New York City, lacking in diplomatic training and without experience in handling the Latin temperament. He has also been

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embarrassed, in recent months, by the incident of the stolen documents. Several hundred letters and telegrams between the American Embassy in Mexico City and the State Department in Washington somehow got out of the embassy files and eventually found their way into the hands of President Calles. They were of such a character as to produce the gravest apprehension on his part as to the future relations between the two countries. When the news was made public, Secretary Kellogg explained that they were forgeries, some being entirely spurious and others skilfully altered. He never vouchsafed any details as to this remarkable feat of counterfeiting, however, or made public the genuine, innocent version of any document; and the incident did not serve to increase Mr. Sheffield's popularity in Mexico.

HIS successor will not be appointed, we are told, for about two months; Mr. Sheffield would, in any case, have been absent for that length of time on his vacation. Among those who are being considered are John W. Garrett, secretary-general of the Washington Arms Conference; Silas W. Strawn, who investigated China for Mr. Coolidge; Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of War, who stopped the Nicaraguan War; and Robert E. Olds, assistant Secretary of State. The New Republic earnestly hopes that the choice will not fall on the gentleman last named. He is best remembered as the author of the famous yarn about "Mexican Bolshevism sweeping through Central America," which he tried, with partial success, to persuade the press associations to put out on their own responsibility last November, at a moment when a Mexican note regarding the oil controversy was about to be made public and relations between the two countries were particularly tense. Colonel Olds may be a charming gentleman, but he is almost the last person in the world to send to Mexico. Indeed, his performance last year should have disqualified him for any further share in public life: and it would have done so in any regime less complaisant than the present one.

HENRY FORD'S great campaign against the Jews now comes to an end, with an apology and promise of future good conduct on the part of the automobile king. It was high time: this crusade was by all odds the silliest thing he ever did. We have waded through most of the material published in the columns of the Dearborn Independent and are in a position to report that, even aside from the essential absurdity of its central thesis, it was a badly written, dreary, unconvincing tirade which could have had no effect on anyone not a born Klu Kluxer. We are bound to add that Mr. Ford's plea in extenuation—that he didn't read his own magazine and has now been "greatly shocked" to find out what it contained—is not very impressive. There is direct testimony that he has over and over again been told in conversations with impartial persons, not in his employ, what he was publishing and why he ought to stop it. A much more reasonable hypothesis, we submit, is that Mr. Ford knew perfectly well, at least in substance, what the Dearborn Independent was publishing; that he believed it to be true; and that he has decided, for good reasons, that it is time to call a halt.

WHAT ARE those good reasons? It is possible, of course, that during the Sapiro trial, or on some other recent occasion, the flimsiness of his alleged evidence against the Jews has been proved to him. It is also possible that, as Mr. Charles Michelson, Washington correspondent of the New York World, says some politicians believe, Mr. Ford entertains presidential ambitions, and is clearing away a formidable obstacle. Mr. Michelson suggests that an alliance may have been made with William Randolph Hearst whereby the latter is to throw over Mr. Coolidge. The theory seems to us improbable; Mr. Hearst is now old, rich, tired and conservative, and Mr. Coolidge suits him perfectly. Moreover, Mr. Ford's political star has been waning since 1923, when he was seriously considered as a possible Democratic nominee. No one can seriously believe that he could defeat Mr. Coolidge in 1928. The simplest explanation is, we submit, the most plausible: Mr. Ford's business position is no longer one of unlimited strength. Whereas he formerly made more than half of all the automobiles sold in America, he now makes only about one-third; the new model which is about to be produced was forced upon him by the highly successful competition he now faces in the low-price field. He cannot afford, as he once could, to cut himself off from an important element in the community. He has searched his heart anxiously; and the whole world now sees the result.

WHEN the heads of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, the Bank of England, the Bank of France and the German Reichsbank meet, there are gathered four persons who are probably the most powerful in the world. What they discuss and what they decide, though it is kept secret, is a matter of great public interest, because it will presumably have a profound effect upon economic affairs and politics the world over. One venturesome correspondent wrote that they were laying plans for the stabilization of the French franc, and predicted that his assertion, for reasons of policy, would be denied. It was denied, probably because stabilization is a politically delicate question for Poincaré. But the denial admitted that the conferees were discussing the reserve situation in various countries, rediscount rates, and the "expensive" transfer of gold. Such a discussion could hardly go far without dealing at least with the possible stabilization of the franc, as well as with some important aspects of the reparations problem. One situation is that both France and

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Great Britain count as part of their reserves large funds in this country, the removal of which would mean considerable shipments of gold. This might embarrass our banks, which have made large extension of credit and investments partly as a result of the enormous amount of gold in this country. Central banking policy will largely decide what the movements of gold are to be, and its decisions, in turn, must be based on plans for French currency reserves and on the kind and amount of German payments. The tangled web of international finance cannot be touched at one point without affecting all others.

FINANCIAL difficulties of some of the investment projects carried on by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers may be regarded as a blow to labor banking and finance. A danger signal they certainly are; they indicate that labor cannot be too careful how it uses its funds, and into whose care it entrusts them. The action of the convention in the face of these difficulties, however, indicates a vitality and intelligence rare among the stockholders of ordinary corporations—which, it will be remembered, also get into difficulties on occasion. The convention appointed a committee from its own membership, investigated the conduct of the officers responsible, and dismissed them. It rejected an offer of aid from the Mitten interests, proposing a merger which would take control away from the original owners. Upon being assured that the chief trouble consisted of frozen assets which would, probably, later be liquidated, it assessed the membership five dollars a month for twenty-four months, if required, for additional capital, thus raising the necessary money with no more expense than postage, instead of paying large underwriting fees and losing control to bankers, or causing loss to innocent persons through a forced but probably unnecessary bankruptcy. Thus were exemplified some of the benefits which were expected from truly coöperative and responsible ownership.

MAYOR WALKER of New York City believes he has found a way to help solve the perennial problem of decent housing for the poor. The City Charter was amended in 1913 by a clause which has heretofore been overlooked, clothing the city with power, when "condemning property for street opening, street widening, or the locating of parks or other public places," to acquire a larger area than is actually needed, sufficient to provide "suitable building sites," and to sell or lease this excess land. This possibility was discovered and suggested some time ago by the City Club. The Mayor proposes that property be obtained in this way, and leased by the city for ninety-nine years at a rental of 4 percent of the land value, to corporations which agree in return to erect apartment buildings of proper design, and to rent space in them at not more than eight dollars a month a room. No authoritative opinion has yet been obtained as to whether the law does in fact permit this; private real estate interests, which are, of course, bitterly fighting the proposal, argue that the Mayor's plan is illegal.

THE New Republic hopes that the suggestion is found to be legal, and is carried through. The unendurable conditions under which people are forced to live in New York's slums have been portrayed too often to need repetition here; and the inadequacy of unassisted private enterprise to remedy the evils has been demonstrated continuously for fifty years. Every one of the leading cities of Europe uses some variation of the plan proposed, in solving its housing problem. They all, as a matter of course, purchase land in their own suburbs, and let the increase in value which comes with growth of population accrue to the community and not to the land speculator. Nearly everywhere, the municipality provides housing for the poor, either through city-owned buildings, or some sort of indirect subvention such as Mayor Walker suggests.

IN THE meantime, New Yorkers with money to invest who are willing to accept 6 percent plus entire safety and the knowledge that they are helping solve one of the harassing problems of urban life, already have an opportunity to perform a useful service, and will presently have a still more extensive one. Mayor Walker has signed the ordinance authorizing tax exemption for twenty years on model tenements erected, to replace slums, by corporations whose dividends are limited to 6 percent; and it is reasonable to suppose that securities of such companies will presently be on the market. It is not necessary to wait, however; the City Housing Corporation can use to good advantage an indefinite amount of capital in its admirable development at Sunnyside, Long Island City, which has been described in detail in the pages of the New Republic. Such projects as this are not charity; their beneficiaries pay their own way and a reasonable banking return of 6 percent on the investment; and the "extra dividends" earned in the way of increased human happiness, of better health and morals are beyond all calculation.

The Dilemma of Sea Power

THE trouble at Geneva lies far beneath the surface, and is not to be banished by technical discussions of cruiser sizes, interviews with admirals, or even the maneuvers of the most skillful diplomats. Our surface dilemma is serious enough. After what looked like a narrow escape from shipwreck, the conference again seems about to land at a compromise figure of about 400,000 tons for cruisers as a maximum for Great Britain and the United States, with a limitation on the number of large battle cruisers of 10,000 tons each. This

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would mean more building, some time, on the part of Great Britain, which already has the most cruisers of all classes. If we exercised our theoretical right to parity, it would mean the expenditure of about half a billion dollars in new cruiser building by us, with corresponding additions to the annual budget for maintenance and personnel. And it would mean heavy expenses for Japan. The question persists as to why, since the basic assumption of the conference is that Japan, Great Britain and the United States do not intend to fight each other, the total for all could not be placed low enough to bring about a reduction, rather than a gigantic increase of expense. This question can be answered only by illuminating the underlying dilemma, which is more than a matter of economy.

Great Britain insists upon a large fleet of light cruisers. She says this is necessary for "defensive" purposes, to protect her commerce, and thus her food supply, in the event of war. We hardly believe this is the whole truth. As long as no nation has a battle fleet superior to Great Britain's, the chief danger to her sea communications lies in the submarine; and the defense against the submarine, short of its elimination or strict limitation, lies not in cruisers, but in destroyers and other devices. Such an enormous preponderance of cruisers over less powerful navies is not necessary to care for the occasional raider such as the "Emden." Great Britain's role as mistress of the seas in time of war is not only to protect commerce between other nations and herself, but to prevent commerce between other nations and her enemies. The light cruiser fleet is designed chiefly to enforce a blockade, or the seizure of contraband, upon neutral merchant vessels. That is why she wants a large cruiser tonnage, even though the United States is not conceived as a possible enemy, and even though she grants the United States the right to equal forces. For the United States might remain neutral when Great Britain was at war, and might trade with her enemies.

Between 1914 and 1917 this was made painfully clear. At the beginning of the War, most people supposed that international law as to the rights of neutrals in ocean commerce was fairly secure. A belligerent had a right to declare a blockade of her enemy, but the blockade, in order to be valid, must be well defined and effectively maintained. Short of maintaining such a blockade, the belligerent might search neutral vessels and seize contraband clearly intended for the enemy. Contraband had been rather strictly defined by the Declaration of London, and was supposed to include only such things as were unquestionably for military use, but not such things as were intended for the civilian populations. Great Britain, through her Orders in Council and otherwise, arbitrarily gave such broad interpretations to these restrictions as to render them nearly meaningless. She stopped and confiscated cargoes from the United States consigned to neutrals, which she had reason to suspect, but without proof, were to be reshipped into Germany. She enlarged the definition of contraband to include such important articles of commerce as cotton. Eventually she declared a blockade against the Central Powers, which was maintained, not in the neighborhood of their ports, but upon the high seas, and was aimed against supplies of every description.

The government of the United States protested consistently against these practices, basing her protests securely upon precedents of international law. But the protests were of no avail. Great Britain argued the changed conditions of warfare, wherein it was impossible to draw clear distinctions between military and civilian supplies or activities. She argued the impossibility of stopping shipments of contraband to her enemy if strict regard must be had to proving their ultimate destination. And she argued the moral case against her enemy as a reason why the United States should acquiesce in these practices, dictated by military necessity.

Then Germany, in answer to Britain's blockade, declared the submarine campaign against her, and attempted to justify it to the United States in terms of protecting "the freedom of the seas." The United States could not accept the barbarous methods of submarine warfare, as compared with the traditional search and seizure. She could not accept the excuse of military necessity advanced for these methods—that merchant vessels were, in many cases, armed. But if it had been possible to force submarines to behave like cruisers, the United States would still have had occasion to reject the German definition of freedom of the seas. It meant an unrestricted flow of supplies to all the belligerents, without any appreciable control by sea power. This, in practice, would bring about a situation where a nation with the strongest land forces would always be able to supply herself in time of war, and encouragement would be given to military aggression by land—after all, a more dangerous and destructive activity than any conceivable control of the seas.

In spite of the technical legal strength of her position, therefore, the United States was unable either to enforce it or to justify it on broader grounds. Great Britain's use of sea power, so long as it was not in practice limited by us, made us, in effect, an economic ally of Great Britain. But we could have limited it only at the cost of becoming—either in effect or actually—an ally of Germany. We had to choose between aiding sea power and aiding land power. The same choice was forced upon all other neutrals. Economic neutrality was impossible.

British control of the seas means the power to convert neutrals into effective allies. In the last war, we were satisfied, in practice, to have it so, because we judged—rightly or wrongly—that Great Britain had the better cause. But does it follow that we should always so judge? Do we want al-

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ways to be faced with the prospect, in the event of war, of aiding Great Britain without aiding her enemies? Building a navy equal to Britain's is no solution of this difficulty. We could not dispute Britain's control of ocean commerce without becoming her enemy, and, if we wished to do that, a navy equal to hers would not be enough. It was seen during the hostilities that the only solution of this difficulty—short of abolishing all war—was to internationalize sea power by giving a concert of nations the right to direct its use. If sea power were always held in reserve for action only against a nation clearly in rebellion against international peace and justice, it could become a genuine police arm. Without an international organization capable of bringing about this result, Great Britain's judgment must be accepted as to when and how the power must be used—unless we should wish to contemplate war against her.

The United States never gave up, and should not, in our opinion, have given up, her legal defense of traditional neutral rights upon the seas. Those rights can be surrendered only in exchange for the proper kind of international organization. But an acceptable basis of international organization has not appeared. The United States has not joined the League of Nations or signed its covenant (and the reasons for not doing so seemed to us, and still seem, compelling for the time being). Even Great Britain declined to accept the Geneva Protocol of 1924, which would have made of sea power an international police force. But without a league consisting of the major powers, and without something like the Geneva Protocol, neither will the legal position of the United States on freedom of the seas be enforceable, nor will a sufficient substitute for it come into being.

The attempt of the United States to perpetuate the traditional rights of neutrals lies behind the insistence of our naval and diplomatic delegates at Geneva on as small as possible a number of light cruisers, and on an armament for cruisers of eight-inch guns rather than of six-inch guns, which may be installed on merchant vessels. (We doubt any real necesity back of the American demand for heavy cruisers.) The right to the opposite of these demands was insisted upon by Great Britain because of her resolution to perpetuate her traditional control of neutral commerce. Unless by technical developments the cruiser's power over merchant vessels should be destroyed, there can be no genuine compromise between these positions such that extensive reduction of all cruiser fleets would be rendered possible.

The real lesson of the failure at Geneva will be lost unless we relate it to the basic dilemma of sea power. We see no desirable alternative to accepting Britain's control of the seas except the abolition of the chance of war or the international control of naval forces. We might just as well, therefore, let Great Britain carry the enormous cost of her fleet without attempting to equal it, and, in the meantime, search for the first favorable opportunity to join a real society of nations as the only good way of escape from dependence on her unrestricted control of commerce, should there be another war. Given individualistic nationalism, and given war, attempts to restrict armament are not likely to achieve notable success. Nor are they important, beside the main task facing the peoples of the modern world.

The Business Side of Flying

THE recent transatlantic flights have undoubtedly done more to arouse interest in aviation than everything else that has happened in that field since the War. Much of this interest has centered around the romantic figure of the idolized Lindbergh; and the announcement, not long ago, that he intends to devote himself to commercial aviation will undoubtedly augment the public attention to the possibilities of flying as an important business enterprise. This seems an appropriate moment, therefore, in which to look at this type of aviation as it exists today in the United States. What is its status, and what are its prospects?

Its present position is probably better than most people realize. More than 2,000 airplanes are in daily use in this country, of which one half are privately owned, and last year nearly 50,000,000 miles were flown. Of this, about 50 percent, or 23,310,000 miles, was done by non-military aviators. Contrary to popular impression, the air mail accounted for only a small part of this, 4,474,000 miles. The most important item was commercial flying of various sorts: taxi service, sightseeing, photography, crop-spraying, exhibition flights, etc.

The most important of existing airways is the New York-San Francisco line, by way of Chicago. There is a branch of this from Salt Lake to Los Angeles, and one from Elko, Nevada, to Pasco, Washington. Los Angeles and Seattle are connected by a line which passes through San Francisco. Radial routes go from Chicago to Dallas, St. Louis, Minneapolis, and Detroit, and there is a line from Boston to New York, which will presently be continued through Washington and Atlanta to Jacksonville and Miami. Several other short branch lines exist, and a number of additional routes are planned, including one from Minneapolis to Winnipeg and one from Boston to Cleveland via Buffalo.

The federal government is performing a service for aviation like that which it furnishes to aid water navigation. It is providing emergency landing fields on the main airways, is lighting these, inspecting planes, licensing pilots, and setting up minimum standards of safety in equipment. In the near future, there will be 9,000 miles of lines equipped with emergency fields, of which 7,000 will be lighted

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for night flying. At present, the only lighted lines are New York to Salt Lake, New York to Boston, and Chicago to St. Louis.

A strong impetus was given to commercial flying when the government decided to abandon its own air mail system and farm out the contracts to private corporations. This policy may prove, in the long run, to have been a mistaken one; but the situation before the change was made was impossible. The government refused to carry express or passengers; and private operators found it impossible to enter the business without having the air mail business as a nucleus. The three types of business—mail, passengers and express—logically go together; and, since the post office department declined to perform more than one of these functions, it was desirable, at least temporarily, that all three should be relinquished to private hands. American experience agrees with that of Europe, where virtually all the numerous passenger air lines are subsidized by the governments. The subsidies range from 50 to 80 percent of the total cost of operation, and are paid by the governments because they regard strong commercial aviation as of high military importance. This view is undoubtedly correct. Commercial planes can be utilized for war purposes after simple alterations, which can be quickly made; commercial aviators constitute an invaluable reserve supply of potential war flyers. Since the best authorities are all agreed that the next great war will be won in the air, it is presumably desirable that the taxpayers' money should be spent on equipment which will be of some use.

The present boom in aviation in America has resulted in a spirited competition in the building of airports. Of these, 4,000 have already been constructed. More than 200 are municipally owned, and nearly a hundred other cities are planning to build. The struggle to have a long-distance airway pass through one town or another is reminiscent of the early days when the railroads were being constructed, and success or failure in obtaining a station meant life or death to many an infant community.

It is generally believed that aviation in the United States is likely to be a better business venture than in Europe. Our distances are much greater, high costs of transportation are a less insuperable obstacle, and "time is money" to Americans more than to other nationalities. Our potential volume of business is far greater. Each year we now move by rail two and one half times as many ton-miles of freight *per capita* as Great Britain, and nearly four times as many as France. Our post office handles 20 percent more mail *per capita* than the British, 50 percent more than the French, 200 percent more than the German.

Probably passenger business will be slowest to develop. It is true that passenger traffic from Chicago to San Francisco is announced, to begin almost at once, and from New York to San Francisco within a month or two (at a cost of 15 cents a mile, or $400 for the trans-continental trip). It is also true that regular service of this type is now in existence between Salt Lake and Los Angeles, Boston and New York, Cheyenne and Pueblo, Seattle and Los Angeles, and in other places. However, the factor of safety is not yet high enough for the average person. Moreover, a long trip is still a physical ordeal, and the cost is prohibitive save for the very small percentage of travelers who are in a desperate hurry, and to whom expense is no objection. Prophecy is as dangerous in this field as in any other where events move with great rapidity; but it seems safe to say that we are still far away from the time when the heavens will be stippled with planes, and the light-hearted tourist will set out to do his 2,500 miles a day as unconcernedly as he now hops into his automobile for a 250-mile run.

After the Flood

THE Mississippi flood of 1927 never received from the daily press the attention its magnitude deserved; and a few weeks ago the trans-atlantic flights crowded it out of the news almost entirely. Probably most persons have comfortably assumed that, with the waters receding and the refugees being returned to their homes, the worst is now over. This is, of course, true, so far as immediate physical peril is concerned; but it is far from being true in regard to the economic plight of the victims. As to this, it may truthfully be said that the most serious phase is still in the future; and that it constitutes one of the gravest problems the nation has faced since the Great War.

The waters are now at last receding, after having overflowed again in the annual "June rise" which inundated many districts for the third time this year. The process is so slow, however, that it will be weeks before it is completed. Ninety-five percent of Washington County, Mississippi, is still under water, and will remain so until August 1 at least. On June 25, two-thirds of all the inundated lands in Louisiana were still submerged. After an extensive survey, Secretary Hoover has announced that, of 3,500,000 acres of land in the flood area, 1,300,000 acres cannot be used this year under any circumstances. As to the other 2,200,000 acres, everything depends upon the weather. If we should have a long hot summer, some sort of crop can be raised; if the weather continues cold and cloudy, the results will be nil. Many planters of cotton have been throwing the seed into the mud at the earliest possible moment after the waters have receded, an experiment the outcome of which is still uncertain. Others are planting corn, potatoes, cabbages and hay, or are experimenting with wholly unfamiliar crops like the soy bean.

Many of the refugees, as they return home, face

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a huge task in merely preparing their land for cultivation and their homes for occupancy. The fertile fields of early spring are now a sea of mud. In some places, the soil is still almost completely saturated with water; in others, it has been baked by the sun to an adobe-like mass; often it is covered with barren sand. The returning inhabitants find many buildings swept away, others off their foundations, perhaps overturned; and, in every case, the doors and windows of lowland houses are gone, and the interiors plastered over with mud and slime. The stench from the corpses of drowned animals, which fills the air, completes an impression of desolate misery like that of the French devastated regions in the War.

President Coolidge, in refusing to call a special session of Congress for the relief of the flood victims, made much of the fact that credit corporations have been organized in the states most seriously stricken. These, with the backing of the Federal Farm Loan Board, were supposed to set the farmers on their feet again. In fact, as is pointed out by Mr. L. C. Speers in his recent series of articles in the New York Times, these credit corporations have shown themselves to be almost useless. Only twelve applicants for assistance had come forward in Louisiana by July 10, only about one hundred in Mississippi, and the same number in Arkansas. The difficulty is that these corporations will make no loans without ample security; and the farmers who are most urgently in need of aid have no security to offer. Their lands are in many cases already mortgaged, and have also been much reduced in value by the flood's action; their other tangible assets have been destroyed or greatly diminished. It is the custom in the South to borrow from local banks or merchants against the coming crop; but this year the outlook for the crop is so dubious that no financial institution would be warranted in lending very much against it. In fact, the local banks are in a situation like that in the corn and wheat belt in 1922; they made loans, before the coming of the floods, to borrowers who probably cannot pay, and the security accepted has now diminished in value.

In the second week in July, of the 600,000 persons rendered homeless by the flood, between 300,000 and 400,000 were still receiving rations from the Red Cross. Each family, when it returns to its home, receives three weeks' food supply; but in many, perhaps in a majority, of the cases, they will be obliged to appeal again for assistance after this period is ended. In Arkansas, for example, the Red Cross estimates the destitution at 68 percent; but other authorities in that state declare it is 90 percent. Two hundred thousand families in that state have seen their homes virtually destroyed. The loss may be as high as $100 per capita, an extraordinary figure in a region where the average wealth is so low.

The Red Cross has raised for relief about $16,000,000; its final appeal for funds virtually broke down, presumably because people took it for granted that with the recession of the waters the necessity for assistance would rapidly taper off. With the unexpended balance of this sum, the relief authorities estimate that they can continue at least until November 1. The validity of this estimate, of course, depends upon the amount of relief the organization is called upon to furnish in the interval. If too much optimism has been displayed in regard to the ability of the repatriated farmers to feed themselves this summer, the available funds will be exhausted sooner.

Even if the funds should prove ample, the situation is bad enough. The farmers who borrow for rehabilitation will face the future burdened with a debt which will hamper them for years, in the form of short-term obligations necessitating frequent renewal, and at interest rates which they regard as high. Despite the easy-going willingness of some persons to accept the Red Cross rations as a lucky windfall (amusingly described in a recent issue of the New Republic by H. J. Krier) there is, in fact, a widespread reluctance to become the recipients of charity, which is especially marked among the French-speaking "Cajons" (Acadians) of Louisiana. The difficulty which Mr. Hoover and his aides experienced in persuading them to leave their homes and gather in the camps was in part due to this fact.

Everyone recognizes that the problem of perfecting an adequate system of flood control will require federal action on a vast scale. The more we learn of the conditions in the wake of the disaster, the more certain it appears that the economic rehabilitation of the flooded regions is also likely to require federal aid. In refusing, as he has done, to call a special session of Congress to cope with this problem, President Coolidge has taken upon himself a truly terrible responsibility. We shall be lucky if the assistance, when it does come, is not so late that needless additional misery is suffered because of its tardiness.

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Sales Resistance

I AM Mrs. John Smith of the U. S. A.—the average housewife in that social class which politicians and preachers like to tell us is the backbone of the nation, the bulwark of civilization, the hope of democracy; and what *we* like to call, with ever so slight a stressing of the adjective, the Upper Middle Class. John and I live in a seventy-five-dollar duplex, we own a fourteen-hundred-dollar motor car and a radio, we have one child and a couple of goldfish. I do my own work and have a woman who comes in twice a week to wash and clean the house. I can play the piano mildly well, can hold my own at bridge and am studying French. We subscribe to all the better magazines, read the latest books and try to keep at least conversationally abreast of the times.

There are millions of us, we Mrs. John Smiths. And, if I am not mistaken, a large number of us are on the verge of a revolt, which may or may not be serious to concerns which have been conducting their business on our premises and on our capital; and by capital I mean our precious moments of leisure. We have not been bearing this increasing burden meekly; we have been bearing it with a correspondingly increasing resentment and we have about reached the limit of our patience.

Let me tell you our problem.

Here, for instance, is a typical day in the John Smith household:

The Heir to the Smith Millions has departed for school; the Head of the Smith Family has driven off to work in his medium-priced closed car. I am hurrying with my work, hoping for a little time to practice on the piano before 11.30, the hour when school adjourns for lunch. I have telephoned the butcher, the baker and the grocer, the telephones being repeatedly busy and the completed transaction necessitating seven calls. I have given the flat wash to the laundryman. I have delivered the ticket to the ice man and superintended the proper placing of the ice in the refrigerator. That means that I have given him my daily explanation to the effect that if he puts the big piece of ice on top of the little one, it will slide out when I open the door. (Of course, one should not expect ice men to be able to understand abstruse questions of gravity and balance.)

I have called for the third time to see why the electrician has not come to fix the washing machine. I have been two flights down to the basement to admit the man who says he wants to read the gas meter. I have answered one or two social rings on the telephone—invitations to things—and two calls which proved to be the wrong number. All these interruptions to my housework have been annoying, but at least they are legitimate. They belong to the business of being a housewife and I accept them as such. I only hurry a little faster, and am delighted to find, when the beds are made and the dusting and cleaning are done, that it is only 10.30. I have an hour—a whole hour—for practice.

But suddenly the telephone rings.

"Is this Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes."

"This is the Blank Motor Car Company."

I groan. "Yes," I say, with no inflection at all.

"I understand that you are in the market for a new car."

I stifle the inclination to say that of course he understands nothing of the kind, but that he has merely reached the "S's" on his day's list. Instead, I assure him wearily that we are not in the market for a new car.

"Then I feel sure you have not seen our new sport model."

A sport model for John and me!

"No," I answer.

"Would you be willing to allow our man to demonstrate it for you some day?"

Protesting that we have no intention of buying a car and trying not to be rude, I get rid of him. However, five minutes of my precious hour are gone.

I return to the piano. Ten minutes later the door-bell rings. I go to the speaking tube.

"Yes?"

It is a so-called farmer trying to sell me some "nice apples direct from the farm." I look out and see the familiar light wagon, drawn by a horse to which the taste of country grass is unknown. In the wagon are a few bushels of dusty apples.

"No, thank you," I say. "I do not care for any."

"Your neighbor downstairs has just bought a bushel," volunteers the unseen, in accents suggesting the Isles of Greece rather than the rural districts of Michigan.

"I am sorry," I say, "but I do not care for any."

He goes away. I rush to the piano, but have hardly started my practice when the door-bell rings again. Evidently the business day for the door-step merchants has opened.

This time it is a man who wants to leave me a sample of "our new quick-cooking breakfast food."

"Thank you," I say. "Just leave it on the step and I will get it later."

But it is not so simple as that.

"It will be necessary for you to sign for it. You see, we are only distributing these samples to a few chosen names, given us by your grocer, and the company wants to be sure that every one on the list has actually had an opportunity to try this new food."

I tell him testily that if I must sign for it I do not want it. As a matter of fact, I do not want it

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either with or without a signature, but I have no time to enter into a discussion with him as to the causes of my indifference.

His reproachful and surprised voice floats up to me: "You mean to tell me you don't want something you can get for nothing?" he asks. "This does not cost you a cent and obligates you for nothing. It is merely——"

But this time I interrupt him. His breakfast food proposition may not obligate me for anything, but it has already cost me several precious minutes. With the barest grunt of refusal I hard-heartedly cut short his argument by leaving the speaking tube —the one revenge allowed those of us who are fortunate enough to live on the second floor. I hear him muttering something, but it moves me not.

This time I am actually able to get in some practice on my beloved Beethoven sonata, and am beginning to forget my troubles. But this peace is not for long.

"Have you a vacuum sweeper, lady?" is the next question which greets me from the speaking tube.

I have the impulse to say "None of your business!" and to stick out my tongue when I say it. But I reply wearily that I have, thank you.

"What make is it?" I tell him.

"Are you satisfied with it, lady?"

Of course I am no more satisfied with it than I am with any of the other provoking, constantly out-of-repair electrical devices with which we have cluttered up our lives, but there is no use getting into an argument with him about that. So I say I am, thank you.

"Well, lady," he says, "I represent the Blank Sweeper. Of course, I wouldn't care to knock the sweeper you've got, but I'll tell you what I'll do, lady. I'll just give you my card, and if you ever want to make a change you just give me a chance to demonstrate the best little sweeper you ever saw."

I tell him to put the card into the mail chute, and as he departs I hear slipped into the door the card and a handful of circulars, all of which fall through into the front hall, and which I will later have to go downstairs and pick up. And coincident with that, the little clock on the mantle strikes the half-hour with more portent than the mere volume of sound warrants, and the shrill voices of the school-children announce their liberation in the next block. Little John will be home in a "split second," as he calls it. My practice "hour," as I call it, is over.

Then there comes the business of getting lunch, of listening to the tales of school, of sewing on a button, of finding that cap which certainly was hung up properly but which has since disappeared with that strange perversity which seems to be a characteristic of boys' caps. Then the groceries arrive and must be put away, the meat-man brings the steak, the cleaners come for Big John's blue suit, a package is delivered from the department store. Sandwiched in between these things is a telephone call from my sister who wants to know, somewhat acridly, why I don't ever call her up. She calls herself a "working woman," and is convinced that married women do nothing but play bridge and go to the movies. Also sandwiched in somehow must be the preparation of the vegetables for dinner, cleaning up the kitchen, lending the neighbor an egg (with much conversation about it) and doing the week's mending—all before three o'clock.

Because at three o'clock my French teacher comes for a two hours' lesson.

This lesson period deserves particular consideration because that two hours is *paid for* out of my slender household allowance, at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents per hour. All time is valuable to me because I want a little leisure to read and play, but this period represents an actual outlay of money.

I cannot muffle the door-bell, because I am expecting Little John's new pants to be delivered, and the state of the pair he has on makes their deferred arrival precarious. I cannot muffle the telephone bell, because it might be Big John bringing a friend to dinner or something like that. So, when my teacher comes, we can only begin our lesson and hope for as few interruptions as possible.

Alas! just as she asks me *"Où est le livre de votre oncle?"* the hateful sound is heard again. This time it is the telephone. The Blank Concert Company wants to sell us a course of tickets for a projected series of musical events.

Now John and I have already considered carefully the offerings of all the musical courses and have subscribed to those which seemed to promise us the most, expending every cent we could afford in that line. I make this explanation to the concert company's representative, but she will not let me go until she has somewhat haughtily argued the matter with me. Finally, with the excuse that I am very busy, I shut her off.

We resume the lesson, proceeding slowly, my recalcitrant mind wrestling with the French verbs and adjectives, which everybody knows are an invention of the devil himself. I have succeeded, to my teacher's satisfaction, in locating the umbrella of my cousin in the garden; I have confided to her that the long pencil of my little sister is yellow, and that the new hat of my brother is brown. I have even ventured into the unfamiliar territory of the future and have told her that tomorrow will be Thursday. Things seem to be going well. I have visions of myself, when that long-dreamed-of trip to Paris shall come, speaking French with such grace and ease that people will be surprised when I say to them: "Oh, no, I am not French at all; I am an American."

In fact, so lost am I in optimistic contemplation that, when the door-bell rings, my "Yes?" is mechanical. But this new interruption really seems to need attention.

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"Is this Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Smith, I represent *the bank!*"

And I was so sure I was not overdrawn!

What *shall* I say to John?

Fear of the neighbors' curious ears makes it imperative that I admit this man immediately to a more private consultation room than the front porch. I admit him, only to find that he does not represent my bank, but another one which wants me to open a savings account. I assure him I have all the bank accounts for which my meager funds have need. He assures me that I know nothing of finance and points out to me the virtues of thrift. I reply rather tepidly that I am not interested in his proposition, and I endeavor to dismiss him politely. He then takes out of his pocket a string of cheap imitation pearl beads which he says his bank will present to me if I open an account. I am still tepid. Next he shows me the "unique savings bank" in the form of a leather-bound book which his bank will lend me for the deposit of my dimes. I still refuse to be converted, and essay another dismissal.

Then he becomes a bit—well, I would call it "smart-alecky." He tells me, in effect, that that is the trouble with women; that they never know a good thing when they see it, and that it is a waste of a valuable man's time to try to make an ignorant person understand a great truth. Of course, he doesn't say it in just that many words, but his meaning is clear. He feels that I have wasted his time and he quits the scene with great dignity. I walk downstairs to close the door which he has left open and return to my French lesson, my mind filled with exceedingly English words.

"Where were we?" asks my teacher, impatiently.

"Question Ten," I answer. And having gathered up my notebooks, my pencil and my temper, we proceed.

The door-bell rings almost immediately again.

"Have you any old clothes to give to the Salvation Army?"

"No!" I say curtly. There is not at this moment a philanthropic impulse in my whole system.

Now we are fortunate and get in a whole half-hour before the next call, which is a very courteous gentleman who "wants to talk to me about the Blank brushes." I say I am sorry, but I am very busy.

"I have nothing to sell," he explains. "Our sales representative will call upon you later."

Absent-mindedly, I repeat my formula: "Sorry, but I am not interested."

"How can you tell whether or not you are interested until you have heard what I came for?" is the good-natured reply.

That is a facer, but I am determined.

"Well, I cannot be bothered just now."

Then he comes out with his trump card. It seems that he, too, has a present for me. (It is nothing short of marvellous how many generous manufacturers there are in the world!) He will leave a card in the door and trouble me no further. And tomorrow, when the sales representative comes, I will need only to present this card and receive a household brush free. I groan inwardly, for I have three of their household brushes now and have never used any of them. But the explanation of one's views on these matters takes more time than acceptance.

However, seeing another interruption due tomorrow, I ask him not to leave the card. I tell him I have no use for it; that I am not interested. But orders are orders, and I hear the card slipped into the door as he leaves.

We proceed. Happily, nothing happens until ten minutes before the close of the two hours. Then again the door-bell.

"Is this Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes," I groan. Evidently something personal.

"I have come to talk to you about your son John."

The voice is cultured and authoritative. Sounds like a school-teacher's! And Little John is a garage-climbing, window-smashing, teacher-baiting, girl-teasing kid of just the age that such actions imply. What *has* he done now? I open the door. A woman ascends the stair. Too late I discover that she is an agent for a set of children's books and has taken the precaution to get the names of the families and the children of our neighborhood from the school census.

It is in vain that I protest my usual lack of interest. In vain do I try to explain that I am guiding Little John's reading very carefully myself, and that he has all the books at present that he can possibly assimilate. In vain do I finally say that I do not favor knowledge acquired by her particular method, which, indeed, the same company has been trying annually to sell me since Little John was two years old. In vain do I, as a last resort, tell her with some asperity that I am very busy. She is wound up for a speech of a certain length, and when I interrupt her she merely forgets where she was and goes back and begins all over again. When she is finally gone, it is long past the time limit of my lesson.

Now it does not take much knowledge of mathematics to figure that probably one-fourth of my two hours has been consumed in these five interruptions and the delays incident upon the resumption of the lesson. One-fourth of three dollars is seventy-five cents. I have not the slightest interest in any of the propositions which have been advanced to me at my front door, and yet these various firms, in addition to the annoyance they have caused me in my own house, where I should certainly have a right to privacy, have filched from me seventy-five cents in money.

This matter has gone beyond the bounds of a mere nuisance, especially in households like ours,

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In larger apartments these things are forbidden, and in larger houses there is a maid or a butler to act as a buffer. But we must answer our own bells and we have no resource.

The Mrs. John Smiths of our neighborhood are desperately seeking relief. We have tried putting courteous signs, "No agents, please," on our door-bells. We have tried discourteous ones, such as "Beggars and Peddlers not wanted." We organized the "Hell's Bells Club," pledged not to answer the door-bell unless it rang the secret code, but that did not work because it required too much dissemination of instruction in a city of a million and half people. We try, on special afternoons, refusing to answer the door at all, but in this neighborhood, where department stores are accustomed to make front-door deliveries, we miss our packages. And we also miss legitimate calls by people whose visits would have been pleasant. What are we to do about it? I know that if such a question should come up in local politics, I would not only go gladly and cast a vote to prohibit all forms of house-to-house canvassing, but I would campaign for it even if I had to neglect both Beethoven and the French tongue, temporarily, to do it.

Also, where is it leading us? As for myself, I am building up what Big John calls "an amazing sales resistance." My resentment of the situation makes it a matter of course that I never buy any of the things. My boycott goes so far that even if I happened to need the article, I wouldn't buy it. But what is perhaps socially more serious is my growing indifference to charitable and semi-charitable calls. I used to take an interest in such matters. I bought candy from my neighbors' children to help out the church fair. I bought buttons from the old man with the sick wife. I used to give clothes to the Salvation Army and provide odd jobs for men who wanted to carry out the ashes or mow the lawn. But I find that my sense of social obligation is being gradually worn down; that the fifth ring at the door-bell these days finds me only slightly more callous than the first. I am impatient with all these things which I cannot but regard as impertinences. I answer the bell with a grouch on, and my graceless "Not interested" falls as freely from my lips in response to a request to buy the newsboys' calendar as to a request to allow the demonstration of some new-fangled kitchen knife. I turn down the Community Fund solicitor with the same frigidity as the man who wants to sell me "guaranteed silk hosiery."

I can resist anything. Resistance has become a matter of principle with me. It is my boast that if St. Peter should come to my front door and offer me the keys of Heaven for fifteen cents, I wouldn't buy them.

GRETCHEN MOUNT.

Beethoven in the Modern World

I

IT is a fortunate circumstance that the Beethoven centenary, of which the celebrations have begun, happens to take place at a time when a great change in the scientific world outlook is preparing. This change promises to be of the greatest significance for our estimate of all the arts, and of none more than of the art of music. And the problems involved are nowhere more clearly presented than in the music of Beethoven.

The importance of Beethoven to us depends, not only on the rank we accord him as a composer, but on our conception of the function and significance of the art of music, and that, in turn, depends upon the whole complex of beliefs and feelings that we term our general outlook or philosophy. Two people may easily be in agreement as to the relative standing of some composer and yet have entirely different estimates of his importance, due to the fact that they have different philosophies. Both Wagner and the excellent Mr. Gurney, for example, agreed that Beethoven was the greatest of all composers, but he can hardly have had the same importance for each of them, since one believed that all things in heaven and earth were illuminated by music, while the other believed that music illuminated nothing whatever. At the present day there are many critics who tell us that they "savor" a work of art as they would a fruit or a wine. We may find that the works of our favorite composer are acclaimed by them as the most savory of all concoctions, but we should not thereby feel that we were in agreement about that composer's importance.

Before any discussion of a composer's "greatness" can be usefully undertaken, we must have a clear idea of what we regard as the purpose and significance of music. In most cases we shall find that our hierarchy of composers will vary according to our conception of music and not solely in accordance with our "musical taste," although, as we have said, different critics may grant a composer the same rank for entirely different reasons. Through the greater part of the nineteenth century and again at the present day, Beethoven has been regarded by the majority of musicians and critics as the greatest of all composers. But that this apparent unanimity testifies to no widespread agreement regarding the significance of his music is seen directly the eulogies become detailed. We see then that there are several Beethovens, that very different aspects of his work are seized upon by different people, and it is only the extraordinary richness and variety of his work that enables the unanimity of

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opinion to be achieved. Wagner asserted that, in his time, Beethoven was more revered than any other composer, but he also maintained that he alone understood Beethoven, and that most other musicians admired the wrong things or else admired the right things for wrong reasons. This diversity of opinion is, of course, very common, and the general attitude toward it is one of indulgence. A man soaked in the late Beethoven quartets has a kindly smile for the man who prefers the C minor symphony, and may even be gracious to the schoolgirl who prefers the "Moonlight Sonata." Such differences of opinion, where we may assume that they are due to differences of experience, are readily accommodated. But where such differences spring, as they may, from radically different conceptions of music, they are not so easily accommodated. A man who believes that great music is a revelation of the nature of reality cannot be seriously interested in the musical criticism of a man who regards music as an elegant amusement. Yet these two views, and every possible intermediate view, have been maintained by writers on Beethoven during the last hundred years. The mass of Beethoven criticism is large, but it is chaotic. The worker in this field finds that only a very small proportion of what has been written is in the line of his own feeling and thinking. He is not one of a great company of disciples. He is one of a small sect to whom alone (of course) the true doctrine has been committed, and he is likely at times, as has been made manifest by numerous examples, to prophesy damnation to all other professed believers. He feels that some differences of opinion are so profound as to be inadmissible, and these are the differences that spring, as we have said, from fundamentally different conceptions of the significance of music. A musician's philosophy of music, therefore, is not something of mere academic interest. All musical criticism worthy of the name is a revelation of the critic's philosophy, and it is on the soundness of that philosophy, besides the keenness of his musical perceptions, that the value of his criticism depends.

The chaotic state of Beethoven criticism, and of musical criticism in general, is partly due to the inherent difficulty of constructing an adequate philosophy of music and partly due to the fact that, during the three hundred years that modern music has been in existence, nearly all our esthetic criticism, and even our esthetic perceptions, have been warped by the general outlook on the world that accompanied the origin and development of modern science. The function of esthetic criticism, indeed, has been to find for art a place in an alien world.

The varied and conflicting philosophies of music underlying the musical criticism of the last hundred years acquire a certain order and coherence only if regarded as more or less determined attempts to square the actual facts of musical perception with the general outlook on the nature of man and the universe introduced by modern science. Such attempts need not be deliberate and conscious. The characteristic influence of a "mental climate" is to make certain assumptions appear obvious truths. These assumptions are accepted without the realization that they are assumptions. Thus a great deal of musical criticism has assumed, quite without dispute, that the function of music is to afford a "high" but meaningless pleasure. The idea that music could be ranked with science and philosophy in its ideal aim would have seemed wildly strange to most thinkers of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, we have evidence, here and there, of a musician, fresh from his experience of certain music, having an intimation of some such idea, but unable to do justice to his own direct reaction. In the prevalent mental climate of the time, which has also been the prevalent mental climate up to our own time, such an idea is almost impossible to formulate. For a cardinal assumption of that outlook is that values are not inherent in reality. Man and the universe are separate. The reality of the universe is completely expressible in terms of the concepts used in science. Nothing that science finds it unnecessary to mention can be a constituent part of reality. Such concepts as space, time, mass, force, etc., are supposed to be fully competent to describe existence. What else the poet may perceive is indicative of nothing but the peculiarities of his own constitution. The extent to which we share his perceptions is the extent to which we are constituted like him, but these perceptions are not perceptions of factors in reality. Thus art and music, in particular, belong to the "purely human" world. It has no transcendental function, as science has, to bring us into contact with an external reality. The impression that every musician sometimes has, that some music brings us in contact with a higher reality than that we normally perceive, is to be dismissed as an illusion or at least explained away. And the whole reason for doing so is that such impressions cannot be accommodated in the prevalent mental climate. Our reactions to music are not treated as fundamental facts of experience. Our outlook on the world has been framed in independence of them; it is an attitude based on a set of experiences not including them, and nearly all our musical criticism is an attempt to fit our musical experiences into a system of which they do not form an organic part. In this attempt the musical experiences themselves are explained away, misinterpreted, and sometimes even denied, with the result that there is scarcely any branch of literature more dreary, unconvincing and unprofitable than musical criticism. The enormously important revolution in thought which is now taking place, the transition, in all departments of speculation and research, from the old conceptions of independence and mechanism to the new conceptions of development and unity, may be expected, therefore, as one not unimportant by-product, to give us a more adequate musical criticism than has hitherto been possible.

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II

Out of our total experience, science selects certain elements as being alone indicative of the nature of reality. Thus those experiences which lead us to formulate the concepts of mass, force, space and time are supposed to have a real bearing on the nature of reality, while those experiences which lead us to attribute beauty and purpose to the universe, even those experiences which lead us to say that grass is green and the sky blue, are expressive of nothing but peculiarities of the human constitution. Reality is expressible wholly in terms of the scientific concepts elaborated in Europe during the seventeenth century. A poet's experience of a mountain, for instance, may be very complex. He may have emotions of awe, reverence, delight, and many others, but none of these have any bearing on the real nature of the mountain. So far as the real nature of the mountain is concerned, his judgments of its size and mass would alone be pertinent. Scentless, soundless and colorless masses moving purposelessly in space and time is the "real universe" of science. Within this universe are human minds of so peculiar a constitution that they dower this universe with scents, sounds, colors, beauty and purpose. These perceptions, however, are not perceptions of factors in reality, except in the indirect sense in which color-perceptions are reactions to a complicated chain of events of which ether-waves are a part. They are expressive, not of the nature of "external" reality, but of peculiarities of the human mind. On the other hand, our perceptions of extension, mass, and so on, have, as we have seen, a bearing on the nature of reality.

What is the reason for selecting, from our total experience, a few elements only as being indicative of the nature of reality? One reason, of great importance historically, although, taken by itself, of little cogency, is that the concepts adopted by science are capable of mathematical definition. It was in the seventeenth century that the attempt to describe Nature mathematically became a perfectly conscious and definite enterprise. The idea that Nature should be susceptible of mathematical description was by no means obvious. It was even a queer idea, and certain mystical notions about numbers and geometrical shapes, with which no modern scientific man would be in sympathy, had a great deal to do with its formulation. Newton, the most successful of these early explorers, was quite clear about the adventurous nature of the enterprise, and says that if the mathematical method of describing Nature fails, some other method must be tried. The success of the method may be judged from the fact that we now regard any description of phenomena as incomplete to the extent that it is not mathematical. Nevertheless, the majority of phenomena still lie outside the mathematical scheme. The outlook we are describing assumes that the phenomena of life and mind will ultimately be describable in terms of the concepts used in the material sciences. But this assumption, in the light of the evidence we have, is a pure act of faith. This act of faith, however, becomes, not justified, but intelligible, if we assume that the fundamental scientific concepts are not merely convenient, but necessary, in the sense of admitting of no adequate alternatives. If we assume that such concepts as mass, force, etc., are necessary to the scientific description of Nature, and if we further assume that the whole of Nature may be described in terms of these concepts, then scientific naturalism is justified. The second assumption may fairly be described, in the light of the evidence, as monstrous. The first assumption has acquired an entirely new status as the result of the recent development of science itself. The aspect of those developments that concern us here is that they have shown that not a single one of the old fundamental conceptions of science is now necessary, even in the fields where those concepts were most successfully employed. This being the case, the second assumption loses, of course, all plausibility.

The important point for our purposes is this: the old scientific concepts, which did not include values, are shown to be unnecessary. There is also evidence that they are insufficient. The ground is cleared, therefore, for elaborating an alternative system of concepts which shall be just as adequate for the scientific description of the universe as the old ones, or even more adequate. And the question is, Can we, or must we, incorporate values into the new scheme? In our new picture of the universe, must we regard values as inherent in it? Is it possible that the perceptions of the poet and prophet, as distinguished from those of the scientific man, tell us something about the nature of reality?

The probabilities are that this question must be answered in the affirmative. Nobody familiar with recent speculations in science and philosophy can fail to notice that a new world outlook is preparing. The old mechanistic materialist universe which has been so heavy a burden on the spirit of man for the last three centuries is in process of being dissolved away. We are living at one of the nodal points of history. The curve has mounted from Descartes to Einstein, and now its direction has changed. It is no longer necessary to picture ourselves as inexplicably forlorn in an alien universe, with art as one of our "consolations." Art need not be either a drug or a lie. Its function is not even confined to strengthening us to play our proper part in facing our destiny with "unyielding despair." Art, in its highest function, reveals to us something pertinent to the nature of reality. Such revelations are not illusory moments snatched between two indifferent eternities, but are prophetic intimations of what man will some day fully understand. We are allowed, on the new world outlook, to believe that what the artist communicates to us may be based on perceptions which are perceptions of factors in real-

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ity. Such communications carry with them the evidence of their own validity. What every listener feels as the absolute *genuineness* of Beethoven's greatest music is precisely this note of authenticity. What he expresses comes from perceptions of a reality deeper and richer than ours. We cannot share his perceptions, but they are in no sense illusory. What he communicates to us is not his perceptions, but the attitude evoked by them, and this, we feel, is the outcome of an experience as valid as our own, although it includes and transcends it. Beethoven's music, therefore, like science and philosophy, has a transcendental function. It does not communicate *knowledge,* as those particular disciplines do, but it communicates to us an attitude based upon knowledge. Such work is therefore prophetic. It is the outcome of a higher state of consciousness, and the peculiar character of its appeal (so different from that of music which is merely "beautiful" or "amusing") is due, we may suppose, to the fact that the consciousness it springs from is in the line of human development. That, therefore, is Beethoven's position. He is a forerunner, perhaps the greatest of all forerunners, of the future human race. J. W. N. SULLIVAN.

The Time of Dreams

What sweet, what happy days had I,
When dreams made Time Eternity!
Before I knew this body's breath
Could not take life in without death.
As fresh as any field of grass
This breath of life was, then; it was
An orchard with more fruit than leaf,
And every owl enjoyed his grief.
No Winter's morn, when I went forth,
Could force on me a sunless North.
When I would watch the bees for hours
Clinging to their love-bitten flowers;
And, dreaming to the songs of birds,
Would still delay my deeds and words;
And every common day could place
A shining Sunday in my face.
O for my greater days to come,
When I shall travel far from home!
On seas that have no shade in sight,
Into the woods that have no light;
Over the mountains' heads so tall,
Cut by the clouds to pieces small;
Across wide plains that give my eye
No house or tree to measure them by.
And all the wonders I shall see
In some old city new to me;
Haunting the ships and docks, and then
To hear the strange, sea-faring men
That with their broken English prove
More lands than one to roam and love.
What sweet, what happy dreams had I—
When dreams made Time Eternity!

W. H. DAVIES.

British Industry and the Trade Unions Bill

I

"THE Trade Unions Bill is a mistake—a political and industrial mistake."

These words (referring to the drastic measure aimed against the unions, which has now passed the House of Commons, with few alterations, and will presumably pass the House of Lords) were spoken to me, not by a trade-union leader, not by a labor partisan, but by the chairman of one of the largest and most important employers' associations in Great Britain. He is not what labor calls a "good" employer. He is known, on the contrary, as "hard-boiled," as a man who drives a close bargain in negotiations and who will not hesitate, on occasion, to compel the acceptance of his terms by a national lockout. But for thirty years he and his associates have dealt with trade-unions through joint-negotiation machinery. It was from this experience that he was speaking as he continued:

"British employers believe in trade-unionism. Certainly they do not want to crush the unions. Organization is inevitable; workmen will associate to improve and protect their conditions. Personally, moreover, I prefer to deal with strong unions. They can maintain better discipline and thus assure observance of contracts."

II

During the past two months I have been interviewing representative British employers. Opinions similar to the one I have just quoted could be multiplied many times—with the only difference that most of them would be even more condemnatory of the Bill. Indeed, the present situation in Britain offers the striking anomaly of a Conservative government injecting into industry a law that goes counter not only to the desires of both parties directly concerned, but also, as will presently be shown, to the dominant trends in British industrial relations.

That labor is outraged is natural—and written large in the public record. But that employers, too, are generally opposed to the Bill is not so well known. Their opposition has its roots deep in a long experience with the trade-union movement. For the important thing to keep always in mind is that employers in Britain have long since passed the stage of combating trade-unionism. Practically everywhere labor unions are accepted as the representatives of the workers. So firmly rooted is this recognition that few employers took advantage even of the opportunity afforded them by the failure of the general strike in 1926. Although labor had violated its contracts, employers made no general attempt, in spite of their knowledge of American practice, to organize company unions. Joint

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relationships were resumed shortly after the strike much as they had been before. Some modifications were introduced here and there; but in no wise was the status of trade-unions fundamentally challenged or altered.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that employers deprecate the Trade Unions Bill as a possible setback to the long-established practice of collective bargaining. Repeatedly I have heard them say that, even if they could, they would not want to return to the old conditions of individual bargaining. "Without trade-unions there is chaos in industrial relations," was a typical statement by an executive of a large port undertaking. "I would much rather deal with organized labor than with individual workmen. In our case, for instance, we employ several thousand men. How could we deal with them individually? It is far better for us to negotiate with one or two intelligent officials who know the conditions of the industry. Then, too, we can rely upon these representatives to carry out the agreement reached."

An executive of a large traction company bore similar testimony: "Individual bargaining is a poor thing. It really doesn't work. It creates dissensions and dissatisfaction among the men, and in the end you have a number of small groups to deal with. Large trade-unions can be far more efficient and responsible."

Again, as employers compare present conditions with those of a former day, they recognize the extent to which trade-union regulations have helped to eliminate the ruthless competition of the low-standard employer. In most industries, labor has succeeded in obtaining national agreements, the terms of which cover the entire country. Business men generally have come to regard this as a distinct benefit. For now every employer can be certain that his competitors throughout the nation will have to observe the same conditions of employment and pay the same wages, or agreed differentials. The stronger the union, the more effective the enforcement of the national agreement; and the more certain, therefore, the fair employer that a competitive equality in basic labor costs will be maintained.

Finally, there are employers who will tell you, in their confidential moments, that trade-unions have humanized conditions for them and their associates in management as well as for the workers. I remember particularly the instance given me by the manager of a large wharf, who has been with his firm for over fifty years: "Before the great dock strike of 1889, conditions at the wharves were barbaric. Men literally fought each other for jobs and we fought each other for cargoes. Many a time a ship would arrive in the evening. The shipper, of course, wanted to unload immediately. I would send scouts to doss-houses to get the required gangs of workers. We would all—management as well as men—work through the night, the next day, and sometimes through the following night, too. You'll ask me, 'Why?' Well, if I didn't take that business, somebody else would. Today, under union agreements, such incidents are impossible. Overtime is so penalized that no wharfinger can afford to handle business in such a way."

Thus it is no rare thing in Britain to find employers urging men to join their respective unions so that collective bargaining may be made thereby more effective; and I have personally visited one factory, with a labor force of over 3,000 men, where trade-union membership is a condition of employment imposed by the firm.

III

But more than a recognition of the benefits of collective bargaining underlies employers' objections to the Bill. In the background of their minds is present also the very practical fear that attempts to enforce such a law may impair the efficiency of joint machinery developed over a long period of years for the conduct of employer-employee relationships. Hardly an important industry exists in Great Britain that does not have some formal method for negotiation and the adjustment of grievances. Space permits only a few examples.

In the iron and steel trades, a joint committee composed of neutral members chosen from the industry hears any dispute not adjusted in a local establishment. From this committee, appeal may be made first to a district conference, then to a national conference, and finally to arbitration. In the past five years, about sixty disputes have been settled by this procedure. Leaders on both sides boast of the fact that for over thirty years the industry has been free from a major stoppage.

In the engineering (machinist) trades, joint machinery has been in existence since 1898. Disputes pass from works conferences to district conferences, and finally to a central conference of the entire industry. By this procedure, literally hundreds of grievances have been amicably adjusted.

Within the boot-and-shoe industry a comprehensive system of conciliation and arbitration boards has functioned since 1895. The final arbiter is an umpire whose office corresponds closely to that of the Impartial Chairman in the clothing trades of the United States. A unique feature is a deposit of $5,000 by each side as a guarantee against infractions of agreements. How successful this machinery has been may be read in the fact that during a period of twenty-five years only thirteen stoppages occurred, local in nature, fines for which totalled only some $4,000.

Other industries possess similar methods. In addition, the post-war period has seen a significant development in the creation of Joint Industrial Councils. These councils are found in such important industries as wool textiles, pottery, Welsh plate and sheet, hosiery, printing, heavy chemicals,

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flour milling, the docks, and various public utility services (gas, electricity, tramways). Altogether about forty Joint Industrial Councils exist, covering industries employing in the neighborhood of 3,000,000 persons. On the railways similar bodies have been established under an act of 1921.

A Joint Industrial Council presupposes effective organization on both sides and consists of an equal number of representatives from the employers' associations and the trade-unions concerned in the industry. Councils meet regularly, usually once every three months. They are the negotiating bodies for their industries, draft national agreements and determine local differentials. They are also courts for the settlement of grievances. In addition to carrying on the ordinary functions of collective bargaining, they are charged with the responsibility of coöperating in the welfare of the industry as a whole. While the Councils have not realized all the hopes of their originators, they have, on the whole, made a distinct contribution to the technique of peaceful negotiation between employers and employees.

Finally, it should not be forgotten that Great Britain offers the outstanding example of voluntary conciliation and arbitration by government agencies of those disputes which cannot be settled by industry itself. Under the Conciliation Act of 1896 and the Industrial Courts Act of 1919, the government may intervene in any industrial deadlock. These laws confer no compulsory powers. But the conciliators of the Ministry of Labor and the personnel of the Industrial Court command to so high a degree the confidence of both sides that their intervention has succeeded in adjusting thousands of disputes which might otherwise have culminated in appeals to force. From 1896 to the end of 1926, government conciliators made possible the amicable settlement of 12,074 disputes. From 1919 to the end of 1926, the Industrial Court heard 1,272 cases; I am told that in only two instances did the disputants refuse to abide by its decision.

The virility of all this machinery—that set up by industry as well as by law—is indicated by the fact that it has survived not only the protracted industrial depression which began in 1921, but also the sharper, more drastic shock of the general strike. Differences, it is true, have arisen, large enough at times to result in strikes or lockouts. One also hears criticisms of existing machinery, but their tenor is not to destroy but to improve. Only in coal has there been actual breakdown; even the general strike had its immediate cause in a coal dispute. But then coal is a troubled industry the world over.

It cannot be repeated too often that all this machinery is voluntary. As such, it depends essentially upon two things: mutual confidence and good will, and strong organization on both sides. Each of the parties must always feel free to place to a test of strength any matters they cannot settle by discussion. From this point of view, the Trade Unions Bill presents a two-fold menace. By embittering trade-union officials and their rank and file, it has already undermined the good will of labor. By making vague and ambiguous the right to strike, by curtailing sympathetic strikes, by restricting the scope of picketing, by hampering political action, and by making possible the use of injunctions in industrial disputes, it may also upset the balance of power so essential to the successful operation of joint machinery. The only saving element in the situation is that many employers, realizing the importance of good relations with their employees, may be chary of invoking the law. As one of them put it to me:

"No matter what kind of law is passed, trade-unions and employers will continue to meet for the purpose of establishing the best possible peaceful relations in industry. Regardless of what political party is in power, industry must solve its own problems. All the excitement about the Bill is so much politics."

But already evidence is emerging of how the Bill may affect the good will of labor. Since the general strike, a number of quiet and informal conferences had been held between responsible trade-union officials and employers to consider the further improvement of existing methods for peaceful relationships in industry. To these efforts the introduction of the Bill put a sudden stop. Similarly, when, during the committee stage of the Bill, the Minister of Labor proposed the appointment of a representative body to inquire into the problem of improving conciliation machinery, the spokesmen of labor in Parliament flatly refused any coöperation as long as the Bill was before the country or the law upon the statute books.

IV

If, then, employers no more than labor wanted this Bill, if it goes counter to all trends in British industrial relationships, who is behind it? The consensus of responsible opinion regards it as purely a political measure, conceived and executed by the Tory Die-hards. Whatever backing they may have comes from a nervous, reactionary group, removed from the daily conduct of industry and fearful of the growing power of labor.

The objective of the Bill, as professed by the Conservative government, is to outlaw and thus render unlikely another general strike. I pass over the extent to which the provisions of the Bill reach beyond such a straightforward purpose and the ambiguity with which they are drawn. But even the objective stated by its sponsors does not appear to justify the Bill. For everyone here at all conversant with industry agrees that the possibility of another general strike now seems remote indeed. Last year's strike was an historic "sport," a culmination of years of propaganda, the deplorable conditions

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in coal mining, and the final victory of the Die-hards in the Baldwin cabinet. Had not the union leaders assumed control of the strike when it became inevitable, the results might have been indeed disastrous, not only for the workers but for the nation as a whole. Most trade-union leaders here realize the folly of the general strike as an industrial weapon. They would be the first to prevent its recurrence. But if, in spite of them, conditions arose which made another general strike inevitable, neither the Trade Unions Bill nor any other law would be effective against it. When mass emotions reach such a high pitch, prisons certainly do not cool them; compulsory laws are merely provocative.

In a word, the Trade Unions law will be an empty futility in the emergency for which it was professedly drawn and an unfortunate irritant in the realities of everyday industry.

London. BEN M. SELEKMAN.

Dinner Bridge

CHARACTERS

CROWLEY, the Foreman
AMOROSI, an Italian Laborer
TAYLOR, a Negro Laborer
CHAMALES, a Greek Laborer
HANSEN, a Scandinavian Laborer
LLANUZA, a Mexican Laborer
THE INQUISITIVE WAITER
THE DUMB WAITER

SCENE: An area under repair on the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge. Part of the surface has been torn up, and, at the curtain's rise, three of the men are tearing up the rest of it with picks. Shovels, axes and other tools are scattered around the scene. Two men are fussing with a concrete mixer. Crowley is bossing the job. Crowley and the laborers are dressed in dirty working clothes. In the foreground is a flat-topped truck or wagon. The two waiters, dressed in waiters' jackets, dickies, etc., enter the scene, one of them carrying a tray with cocktails and the other a tray with caviar, etc. The laborers cease their work and consume these appetizers. The noon whistle blows. The waiters bring in a white table cloth and spread it over the truck or wagon. They also distribute six place cards and six chairs, or camp stools, around the truck, but the "table" is left bare of eating implements.

PROGRAM NOTE

This playlet is an adaptation from the Wallachian of Willie Stevens. For a great many years, Long Islanders and Manhattanites have been wondering why the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge was always torn up at one or more points. Mr. Stevens heard the following legend: that Alexander Woollcott, chief engineer in charge of the construction of the bridge, was something of a practical joker; that on the day preceding the completion of the bridge, he was invited to dinner by his wife's brother; that he bought a loaded cigar to give his brother-in-law after the meal, and that the cigar dropped out of his pocket and rolled under the unfinished surface planking. Ever since, gangs of men have been ripping up the surface of the bridge in search of the cigar, but an article the shape of a cigar is apt to roll in any and all directions. This is what has made it so difficult to find the lost article, and the (so far) vain search is the theme of Mr. Stevens' playlet.—*Adapter.*

FIRST WAITER, *to* CROWLEY: Dinner is served.

(CROWLEY *and the laborers move toward the table.*)

TAYLOR, *to* AMOROSI: I believe I am to take you in.

(AMOROSI *gives* TAYLOR *his arm and* TAYLOR *escorts him to the table. The laborers all pick up the place cards to find out where they are to sit.*)

CROWLEY, *to* AMOROSI: Here is your place, Mr. Amorosi. And Taylor is right beside you.

(*Note to producer: Inasmuch as* TAYLOR *and* AMOROSI *do most of the talking, they ought to face the audience. In spite of their nationalities, the laborers are to talk in correct, Crowninshield dinner English, except that occasionally, say every fourth or fifth speech, whoever is talking suddenly bursts into dialect, either his own or Jewish or Chinese or what you will.*

All find their places and sit down. The two waiters now reënter, each carrying one dinner pail. One serves CROWLEY *and the other serves* AMOROSI. *The serving is done by the waiters' removing the cover of the pail and holding it in front of the diner. The latter looks into the pail and takes out some viand with his fingers. First he takes out, say, a sandwich. The waiter then replaces the cover on the pail and exits with it. All the laborers are served in this manner, two at a time, from their own dinner pails. As soon as one of them has completed the sandwich course, the waiter brings him the pail again and he helps himself to a piece of pie or an apple or orange. But the contents of all the pails should be different, according to the diner's taste. The serving goes on all through the scene, toward the end of which everyone is served with coffee from the cups on top of the pails.*)

CROWLEY, *to* AMOROSI: Well, Mr. Amorosi, welcome to the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge.

AMOROSI: Thank you, I really feel as if this was where I belonged.

HANSEN, *politely*: How is that?

AMOROSI: On account of my father. He was among the pioneer Fifty-ninth Street Bridge destroyers. He had the sobriquet of Giacomo "Rip-Up-the-Bridge" Amorosi.

TAYLOR, *sotto voce, aside to* HANSEN: This fellow seems to be quite a card!

LLANUZA: I wonder if you could tell me the approximate date when your father worked here.

AMOROSI: Why, yes. The bridge was completed on the fifth day of August, 1909. So that would make it the sixth day of August, 1909, when father started ripping it up.

TAYLOR, *aside to* HANSEN, *in marked Negro dialect*: I repeats my assertation that this baby is quite a card!

AMOROSI, *in Jewish dialect*: But I guess it must be a lot more fun nowadays, with so much motor traffic to pester.

TAYLOR: And all the funerals. I sure does have fun with the funerals.

CROWLEY, *in Irish brogue*: Taylor has a great time with the funerals.

HANSEN, CHAMALES and LLANUZA, *in unison*: Taylor has a great time with the funerals.

AMOROSI, *to* TAYLOR: How do you do it?

TAYLOR, *in dialect*: Well, you see, I'm flagman for this outfit. When I get out and wave my flag, whatever is coming, it's got to stop. When I see a funeral coming, I let the hearse go by and stop the rest of the parade. Then

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when I see another funeral coming, I stop their hearse and let the rest of *their* procession go on. I keep doing this all morning to different funerals and by the time they get to Forest Hills, the wrong set of mourners is following the wrong hearse. It generally always winds up with the friends and relatives of the late Mr. Cohen attending the final obsequies of Mrs. Levinsky.

CROWLEY, HANSEN, CHAMALES and LLANUZA, *in unison*: Taylor has a great time with the funerals.

AMOROSI: I'm a *trumpet* medium myself.

TAYLOR, *aside to* HANSEN: This boy will turn out to be quite a card!

LLANUZA: Why do you always have to keep repairing it?

CROWLEY: What do you mean, what's the matter?

LLANUZA: Why do they always have to keep repairing it?

AMOROSI: Perhaps Mr. Crowley has the repairian rights.

TAYLOR, *guffawing and slapping* HANSEN *or* CHAMALES *on the back*: What did I tell you?

LLANUZA, *in dialect*: But down in Mexico, where I come from, they don't keep repairing the same bridge.

AMOROSI, *to* LLANUZA: If you'll pardon a newcomer, Mr. ——, I don't believe I got your name.

LLANUZA: Llanuza.

AMOROSI: If you'll pardon a newcomer, Mr. Keeler, I want to say that if the United States isn't good enough for you, I'd be glad to start a subscription to send you back to where you came from.

LLANUZA: I was beginning to like you, Mr. Amorosi.

AMOROSI: You get that right out of your mind, Mr. Barrows. I'm married; been married twice. My first wife died.

HANSEN: How long were you married to her?

AMOROSI: Right up to the time she died.

CHAMALES, *interrupting*: Mr. Amorosi, you said you had been married twice.

AMOROSI: Yes, sir. My second wife is a Swiss girl.

HANSEN: Is she here with you?

AMOROSI: No, she's in Switzerland, in jail. She turned out to be a murderer.

CROWLEY: When it's a woman, you call her a murderess.

TAYLOR: And when it's a Swiss woman, you call her a Swiss-ess.

(*One of the waiters is now engaged in serving* AMOROSI *with his dinner pail.*)

WAITER, *to* AMOROSI: Whom did she murder?

(WAITER *exits hurriedly without seeming to care to hear the answer.*)

AMOROSI, *after looking wonderingly at the disappearing* WAITER: What's the matter with *him?*

TAYLOR: He's been that way for years—a born questioner but he hates answers.

CROWLEY: Just the same, the rest of us would like to know whom your wife murdered.

TAYLOR, HANSEN, CHAMALES and LLANUZA, *to* CROWLEY: Speak for yourself. We don't want to know.

CROWLEY: Remember, boys, I'm foreman of this outfit. (*Aside to* AMOROSI): Who was it?

AMOROSI: (*Whispers name in his ear.*)

CROWLEY: I don't believe I knew him.

AMOROSI: Neither did my wife.

CROWLEY: Why did she kill him?

AMOROSI: Well, you see, over in Italy and Switzerland, it's different from, say, Chicago. When they find a man murdered over in those places, they generally try to learn who it is and put his name in the papers. So my wife was curious about this fellow's identity and she figured that the easiest way to get the information was to pop him.

TAYLOR: I'm a *trumpet* medium myself.

(WAITER *enters and serves one of the laborers from his dinner pail.*)

WAITER: How long is she in for?

(WAITER *exits hurriedly without waiting for the answer.* AMOROSI *again looks after him wonderingly.*)

HANSEN, *to* AMOROSI: Did you quarrel much?

AMOROSI: Only when we were together.

TAYLOR: I was a newspaper man once myself.

LLANUZA, *skeptically*: You! What paper did you work on?

TAYLOR: It was a tabloid—The Porno-graphic.

(WAITER *enters to serve somebody.*)

WAITER, *to* TAYLOR: Newspaper men must have lots of interesting experiences. (*Exits without waiting for a response.*)

AMOROSI: I suppose you've all heard this story—

THE OTHER LABORERS, *in unison*: Is it a golf story?

AMOROSI: No.

THE OTHERS, *resignedly*: Tell it.

AMOROSI, *in dialect:* It seems there was a woman went into a photographer's and asked the photographer if he took pictures of children.

(WAITER *enters to serve somebody.*)

WAITER: How does it end? (WAITER *exits hurriedly.*)

AMOROSI: She asked the photographer if he took pictures of children. "Why, yes, madam," replied the photographer—

TAYLOR: He called her "madam."

AMOROSI: The photographer told her yes, that he did take pictures of children. "And how much do you charge?" inquired the madam, and the photographer replied, "Three dollars a dozen." "Well," said the woman, "I guess I'll have to come back later. I've only got eleven."

(*The other laborers act just as if no story had been told.*)

LLANUZA: Down in Mexico, where I come from, they don't keep repairing the same bridge.

TAYLOR, *to* HANSEN: Can you imitate birds?

HANSEN: No.

TAYLOR, *to* CHAMALES: Can you imitate birds?

CHAMALES: No.

TAYLOR: Can anybody here imitate birds?

THE OTHER LABORERS, *in unison*: No.

TAYLOR: *I* can do it. Long before I got a job on this bridge, while I was helping tear up the crosstown streets, I used to entertain the boys all day, imitating birds.

AMOROSI: What kind of birds can you imitate?

TAYLOR: All kinds.

AMOROSI: Well, what do you say we play some other game?

CROWLEY, *rising*: Gentlemen, we are drawing near to the end of this dinner and I feel we should not leave the table until some one has spoken a few words of welcome to our newcomer, Mr. Amorosi. Myself, I am not much of a talker. (*Pauses for a denial.*)

TAYLOR: You said a full quart.

CROWLEY: Therefore, I will call on the man who is second to me in length of service on the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge, Mr. Harvey Taylor. (*Sits down.*)

TAYLOR, *rising amid a dead silence*: Mr. Foreman, Mr. Amorosi and gentlemen: Welcoming Mr. Amorosi to our little group recalls vividly to my mind an experience of my own on the levee at New Orleans before Prohibition. (*He bursts suddenly into Negro dialect, mingled with Jewish.*) In those days my job was to load and unload

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those great big bales of cotton and my old mammy used to always be there at the dock to take me in her lap and croon me to sleep.

(WAITER *enters, serves somebody with coffee.*)

WAITER: What was the experience you was going to tell? (*Exits hurriedly.*)

TAYLOR: It was in those days that I studied bird life and learned to imitate the different bird calls. (*Before they can stop him, he gives a bird call.*) The finch. (*The others pay no attention. He gives another call.*) A Dowager. (TAYLOR *is pushed forcibly into his seat.*)

AMOROSI, *rising to respond*: Mr. Foreman and gentlemen: I judge from Mr. Taylor's performance that the practice of imitating birds is quite popular in America. Over where I come from, we often engage in the pastime of mimicking public buildings. For example (*he gives a cry.*) The American Express Company's office at Rome. (*He gives another cry.*) The Vatican. (*He gives another cry.*) Hotel McAlpin. (*A whistle blows, denoting that the dinner hour is over.*)

CROWLEY, *rising*: Shall we join the ladies?

(*All rise and resume the work of tearing up the bridge. The waiters enter to remove the table cloth and chairs.*)

WAITER (*the more talkative one*): How many Mack trucks would you guess had crossed this bridge in the last half hour? (*He exits without waiting for a reply.*)

(CURTAIN)

RING LARDNER.

A New York Diary

THE following songs appeared on a single program in a post-season concert in New York. They explain why so many people go to see "Rio Rita" and "Hit the Deck," and are offered here only for their social significance. It is not the intention of this department to be any more humorous than it can help.

(a) HOPAK

Hoy! Hop, hop, hop, hop, hopak!
Once I loved a gay cossack,
But old age does not grow younger,
And bent legs do not grow stronger,
That——is my sad fate, alack!
Hoy!

(b) LULLABY

Sleep, my treasure, brightest pleasure,
Lulla, lullaby
Moonlight beaming, softly gleaming,
Comes in from the sky.
Songs I'll sing thee, tales I'll bring thee,
Fairies hovering nigh,
Slumber sweetly, angels greet thee,
Lulla, lullaby.

(c) SNOWDROPS

The snowflakes from the heaven blowing but yesterday, on slender stems today are growing, and gently sway. The snowdrops, tiny bells, are ringing both far and near; what are the tidings they are bringing? The spring is here! Now wake, ye buds and leaves still dreaming with joyous call: To welcome spring with beauty beaming, come one and all.

(d) ART THOU THINKING OFTEN NOW?

Art thou thinking often now, sweetheart, my love,
What thou once with holy vow to me hast sworn?
Art thou thinking often now, sweetheart, my love,
What thou once with holy vow to me hast sworn?

Trifle not, forsake me not,
Thou knowest not
How dearly I love thee;
Lovest thou me as I thee,
Smile of God
Shall crown thee graciously.

(e) THE BLUE-BELL

In love she fell, my shy Blue-bell,
With a strolling Bumble-bee;
He whispered low, "I love you so!
Sweet, give your heart to me!
I love but you, and I'll be true,
O, give me your heart, I pray!"
She bent her head, "I will," she said,
When lo!——he flew away.

(f) JOY

I am wild, I will sing to the trees,
I will sing to the stars in the sky,
I love, I am loved,
He is mine, he is mine,
Now at last, now at last,
I can die!

New York has fastened its hold on the book publishing business with a particularly sturdy grappling-hook, through the success of the various organizations which, without additional cost, will send you books by mail. The First Edition Society limits itself to novels chosen by Rex Beach, Irvin Cobb, Richard Burton, "Bob" Davis, Sophie Kerr, and Burton Rascoe (*mais, que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*) and guarantees first editions. The choice last March naturally fell on "Elmer Gantry," of which the first edition was somewhere near 100,000 copies, nearly half of which must have been sent out by the Book-of-the-Month Club (the old pioneer) which chose the same work, but allowed its members, as usual, to indicate a substitute. We gather that first edition means American first, in the case of a novel first published in England—a distinction which the booksellers will have to smile at a little. The Literary Guild works on a different principle—it sells its books to the reader at a considerable cut below the published price. The two other organizations give you the book at the regular price. The Guild works from manuscript, arranging with the publisher for a special edition at a low rate. Hence the fury of the booksellers, which, naturally, worked back on the publishers. In the beginning it seemed as if a boycott would be established not only against any individual book given by the publisher to the Guild, but against the publisher's whole list. It was entertaining to note that

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one of the early protestants against the Guild was none other than Macy's, which has consistently sold books at cut rates. However, the war has not come off, although many publishers still refuse to play with the Guild. The first choice, "Comstock," had to be stocked by the booksellers and the second had a good press, even from critics associated with the rival groups. The third choice was Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Tristram"—an important departure, since it is a single long poem and—important in the business sense—brought the house of Macmillan into relations with the Guild after its first two ventures with smaller houses. The Book-of-the-Month Club seems capable of everything. It has a tremendous organization of readers. Months ago, it already had some 40,000 members, and by its single purchase could lift "The Time of Man" from the ranks of a *succès d'estime* to that of a best seller; it did nearly as much for "The Orphan Angel," which was written by one of the judges of the Literary Guild. So significant is a sale in these figures that publishers have reduced the price of a book in order to bring it within the Club's scope—"Napoleon" was dropped from $5 to $3, and non-members benefited thereafter as the $3 price was universally maintained.

With such a prize in view, publishers are encouraging authors to write such books as may meet with the approval of one committee or another. Merely a favorable mention on the supplementary list which the Book-of-the-Month Club sends out is said to sell out a reasonably large edition. This is a real danger, against which there is to be placed the assumption that the Book-of-the-Month Club preëminently, and the others in their degree of influence, reanimate, where they do not actually create, a reading public. That public can avoid standardization. Those in peril are not the readers, but the writers.

What with Tuesday and her day off and all this fuss about "The King of Kings," our second (and last) maid went to the Gaiety Theater the other night. She never got near the box office. Dozens of men, she reported bitterly, kept pushing her away and yelling that the only tickets to be had were at the agencies down the street. Our first impulse was to reduce her pitiful wages—if she was going to spend them on $2.20 tickets to the movies. But she went on and explained that by the beneficent working of democracy, the fifty-cent tickets also had been taken over by the dear agencies which never charge more than fifty cents advance. She is a foreigner, however, which explains why fifty cents, a marked price, and fifty cents advance, put her back $1.10 for a seat in row E of the gallery. She rather exulted in her chance to mix with the gentry who patronize scalpers, and as for the picture, "Oh, it was wonderful, with the color and everything."

The fact that the Eastman Kodak Company has spent the usual small fortune in advertising its amateur movie machine on the back page of a recent issue of The Saturday Evening Post sets a seal on our suspicion that a new fad has arrived. Actually, some 30,000 American-made movie-cameras are now in the hands of amateurs, and there must be a considerable number of imported ones. The amateurs have a league and a magazine of their own; libraries of 16-millimeter films exist, with renting privileges, and there are also exchanges. For about one hundred and fifty dollars you can get a camera, a projector, and a screen; and the makers of raw film will develop your product and run it off for your pleasure. The only thing that checks the spread of the game is the price of the film, which runs into dollars for a hundred feet; but the manufacturers are working on that, too, and on fitting their cameras with little jiggers which will allow you to make slow-motion or anything else the big cameras make. Those which already have these attachments cost considerably more than the price quoted above.

Most of the amateur films we have seen have one defect: they try so hard to be professional. A photographer (still) of our acquaintance explains that the least movie-struck men and women in the world will almost invariably fall into the best Hollywood tradition the moment they face a movie camera. (This explains a lot about the professional movie, too.) We have seen one very rowdy film, some excellent reels of domestic animals, and are waiting for Mr. Deems Taylor to show us "The Life and Achievements of Joan Taylor" (aged five months) which has been in process since the day of that lady's birth.

There are a few bad moments when your host starts fiddling with the bobbin, but after that amateur movies are pretty good fun, and as they must be shown in the dark, they prove an effective check to all pencil games and questionnaires.

At the end of a disastrous season in the theater—I speak neither as a producer nor as a critic, but as a spectator—it is natural to wonder how the theater continues to exist at all. The sole aim of every production is the long run, yet the producers, with the slightest exceptions, pay no attention to the run, and concentrate on the opening. A successful opening will give a run to the play; but nothing is more common in the experience of playgoers than seeing a play at the end of its stay in New York and being disappointed. Usually, one says, it is because there has been too much talk; the play has been over-praised. But seeing, in the course of one week, "Saturday's Children," "Chicago," and the return of the Marx Brothers in "The Cocoanuts," I discern another reason. The obvious let-down in the production of all these plays was terrible. "Saturday's Children" maintained, I think, the whole of the original cast, but there seemed to be no correlation among most of the players; "Chicago" was spottily acted, almost without tension, by a cast which was not entirely that of a few months ago; in "The Cocoanuts," which has been on the road, there is a song in which a juvenile has to count off sixteen chorus-girl bell-hops, and there were only twelve visible on the stage. The merit of all three plays was obscured; in several cases I could see what the original intention had been. But in all I could see something else—that the director should have come down periodically and tightened up the production. A few of our producer-directors do this; I have seen notices for rehearsal on the call-boards of shows which have run six months; the Belasco and Ames productions share the glory of being as fresh when they end as when they start. But generally the director is a hired man, and the producer lets the show run down.

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Business as Usual

Trader Horn, by Alfred Aloysius Horn. Edited by Ethelreda Lewis. New York: Simon and Schuster. 302 pages. $4.

Cannibal Nights, by Captain H. E. Raabe. New York: Payson and Clarke. 324 pages. $3.

THE home of romantic adventure has shifted from the Barbary Coast and the Spanish Main to the African rivers and the South Seas; and its occupational background, to use the jargon of criticism, has changed from piracy to trade. Moreover, its literary dress has altered under the impulse of realism, from the fiction of "Moby Dick" and "Treasure Island" to biography or autobiography. The two books mentioned above are illustrations. Aloysius Horn traded in the Congo and the Cameroons and Captain Raabe in the Solomon Islands in the last quarter of the last century. At the time of their adventures, both were very young; Horn was eighteen to twenty-four, while Raabe was second mate of the bark "Emma P." at fourteen. Both engaged in terrific struggles with nature, Raabe with the sea, Horn with the jungle. Both fought the wild life: Raabe, the sharks, Horn, the gorillas, leopards and elephants. They engaged in the most desperate ventures of commerce, the one for ivory, the other for pearls. The human background for both was furnished by the natives, with whom their life was a round of feasting and fighting, such intercourse being greatly facilitated by rum and fire-arms. Incidentally, both bear testimony to the virtues of the cannibals, whom they found superior to other tribes in cleanliness, chastity, and courage. Both introduce noble white womanhood into this masculine world. Captain Raabe's heroine is an Australian girl who owns her schooner and is marooned by her captain and his devilish crew to be picked up among a lot of beach-combers on Rennel's Island by the "Emma P." In after years the author finds himself aboard this same schooner and avenges her by running her betrayer through in a fair fight. Horne's heroine is Nina, daughter of an English trader who, dying, left his widow to become the wife of a witch-doctor, and his daughter to be the virgin goddess of a native tribe, from which exalted station Horn rescues her. Both heroes modestly surrender their heroines; Raabe, who is, of course, too young, to Captain McPurden of the "Emma P."; Horn to a former school-mate, who comes from South America to receive his African goddess. Whether the eternal fiction does not enter with the eternal feminine the reader must decide.

Trader Horn appeared as a peddler on the steps of Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, a South African writer, and in selling her a gridiron sold himself. He returned at intervals to read the successive chapters of his story, and to each Mrs. Lewis furnishes a record of his comment and conversation by way of epilogue. Horn was an explorer and trader for the firm of Hatton and Cookson on the Ogowe River, in the days before Africa had been vulgarized by the publicity of Livingstone and Stanley, and the imperialism of Cecil Rhodes. The pretensions of these gentlemen are highly obnoxious to Horn. Livingstone was "no different at heart from us traders. 'Get on!' was the cry always in his ears. 'Let us march,' was oftener on his lips than 'Let us pray,' if the truth of all hearts were known . . . When his wife died he faced the fact that he needed a woman and married a black one." Of Stanley he has the worst suspicions. "'Twas no love of humanity made him go after Livingstone. 'Twas nothing but newspaper ambition. Always wanted the spotlight turned on *him*. There was that poor feller Pocock was with him. Got carried over Samba Falls in a boat. Very likely. But 'twas an open suspicion among the traders that the boat was cut from its moorings." Rhodes he saw once in negligé, when, having drunk too much prickly-pear brandy, the empire-builder went to sleep on a rock within reach of the crocodiles. Nevertheless, he respected Rhodes as a man who was honest with himself, knew what he wanted, and took it. These were the days when the expedition under de Brazza staked out large claims for France in the Cameroons. As empire builders Horn prefers his own people, though he admits "No Englishman's ever a gentleman when it comes to taking what he wants from a foreign country." Horn's heart, however, is with Africa against the reckless exploitation of all white races.

> "Africa, Ma'am, as Nature moulded it. And believe me, when Man has destroyed Nature then it's his turn to go. Sure. The barren world will swallow him up. 'Tis a lucky thing the cannibal tribes have kept the elephants safe so long from these so-called big game hunters. An equatorial gang of cut-throats, wasting wild life to make what they call a bag. While the cannibals are there, there'll be no lack of elephants. They never kill wanton. Only to eat. They'd never be so childish as these dukes and colonels who have to count the head they kill same as we counted our marbles in Lancashire. The cannibal lives as Nature taught him—kill only to eat, keep your women moral, hold no man as slave, be content with your side o' the river, and cast no eyes across the water."

Trader Horn gives by the way a good deal of information about native life, especially a dissertation on medical practice and the use of drugs, which should be submitted to a professor of *materia medica*. He engages in an interesting speculation, based on the similarity of totem poles in Mexico and Madagascar, that the Malays in their catamarans, "Vikings of the South," pushed east across the Pacific and west to the Ivory Coast, which should be submitted to the anthropologist. Above all, he is full of literary theory which should be noted by every writer ambitious of the best sales. This comment on his own creative work makes a large part of his conversation with Mrs. Lewis. In particular he looks to the American taste, and mixes his ingredients accordingly.

> "How d'you like my bits about gorillas? The Americans'll fancy that for the children. If you can write a book that knocks young and old, gives 'em a good laff and no harm to the susceptibilities—that's what goes in America. A moral people except when it comes to murder and so on."

It is to be noticed that Trader Horn begins his story with Little Peru, his boyhood chum; and though he threatens us with Nina from chapter to chapter, it is not until the last pages that she is safely married to her South American who loves not only at first sight but at sight unseen.

The height of adventure in Trader Horn's experience is perhaps the occasion when he fights the canoe fleets of river pirates at Isogo, from his steamer aground in low water; but some readers will prefer his shooting of a bull elephant which was climbing a steep hill. "He was quite 200 feet high when he fell backwards, bringing what seemed the hill with him, down, down he came with a few tons of loosened rock and a cloud of dust with him." In Captain Raabe's narrative there are grand fights of trading vessels, surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements on outriggers, against the *proas* or canoes of natives. There is an equally notable battle among the crew of the "Emma P.," when

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Captain McPurden has called all hands to splice the main brace, and in darkness and drunkenness every man's hand is against his neighbor. Raabe was a swordsman of the caliber of Alan Breck, and he owed to that proclivity his initiation into and success in the South Seas. There is much also of cannibals and the eating of long pig; much of the dangers of pearl fishing; something of "blackbirding," the infamous form of the slave trade practised by the British in the antipodes while they were howling their indignation against Negro slavery in the United States. Like Trader Horn, Captain Raabe has his views of the white man's burden seen close at hand; and, like him, he confesses his sympathy for the burden. In the battle of the cannibals against the blackbirding Van Asvelt, he fights shoulder to shoulder with the man-eaters. "I, too, was a savage." He also regrets the destruction both of nature and of human values wrought by his white kinsmen. "He who has never been a savage cannot understand what wonderful faculties nature has given us which we are killing with our civilization. I hated the white man who made war against those blacks—my comrades—and I was thirsting for his blood." But the great purple patch in the book is Captain Raabe's description of a "white squall." "What is a typhoon compared to a white squall? I have lived through both and can say there is no comparison." Here is a problem in criticism for readers of Conrad.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Frontier in Criticism

The Frontier in American Literature, by Lucy Lockwood Hazard. New York: T. Y. Crowell Company. 308 pages. $2.50.

The Prairie and the Making of Middle America, by Dorothy Anne Dondore. The Torch Press. 472 pages. $4.

PROFESSOR TURNER'S thesis on the importance of the frontier in American history showed symptoms of what the pedagogues call "transfer" in the appearance of Professor Rusk's two volumes on "The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier" in 1924; but there was slight consciousness in them of the frontier as Turner expounds it. In the two books that have just been published, the influence is much more assertive, although they are strikingly different in scale and method.

Miss Dondore has supplied as an appropriate sub-title, "Four Centuries of Description," and she covers them with what anyone not versed in the field is quite willing to regard as exhaustive completeness, tracing Spanish and French chronicles, the English advance, the Louisiana Purchase, the early romantic treatments, the realism of the Mississippi Valley, the romantic treatments after 1870, and recent tendencies. The prairie does not figure quite so commandingly in the book as in the title, for in "The Making of Middle America" no phenomenon in town and city is overlooked.

The consequence is that the treatment, in overlooking nothing, has little room for discussion of anything. It is an imposing array of material and is richly suggestive of studies that could be made in scores of directions among thousands of works. And, even at this, it is announced in the foreword to be one of five works that will ultimately deal with the Forests, the Plains, the Mountains, and the Sea, as well as the Prairie. Presumably the abundant accessory material on "The Making of Middle America" has been supplied for them all in this volume. If one were to grant that sound generalization is impossible without a series of such detail studies, Mrs. Hazard's book would be [illegible] impertinence at this time, for Miss Dondore's investigatic [illegible]s an impressive and valuable work of its kind.

But Mrs. Hazard's "facile generalizations" justify themselves as well. If "The Frontier in American Literature" had a sub-title, it might well be "An Excursion in Criticism." And the genial author has a high old time on the excursion. She is a hardy adventurer, whom nothing can daunt or abash. Her frontier is not geographical, nor is it any other one thing. The word is used in all sorts of ways as it applies "to the farmer and to the fur-trader, to the Puritan and the profiteer, to the Argonaut of the gold rush and to the Titan of railway finance." If such usage is a sin, she explains, the original guilt lies with Turner and Paxson. They are the serpents who tempted her in this historico-literary Eden.

Although her main business is to make a map, her hand is on her holster as she peers through the transit—and she finds the hunting good: Simms, "grandiose ambition which failed of realization"; Page, "an album of reverently preserved if somewhat stiffly posed daguerreotypes"; Allen, "fanciful and tenuous"; Whitman, "mistook the afterglow of the sunset for the glory of the dawn"; and, with conscious bravado, "is it too shocking a heresy to suggest that John Winthrop, Ralph Waldo Emerson and George Follansbee Babbitt stand in logical succession?"

No, perhaps not, nor is it shockingly unfair to suggest that when the gay excursionist arrives at the final chapter on "The Coming Age of Spiritual Pioneering," Lucy Lockwood Hazard seems to be standing on the same platform with Walt Whitman and Ralph Waldo Emerson. At any rate, she generalizes with their confident serenity, but she does not read proof as accurately as Walt did.

"The Prairie" and "The Frontier" are complementary books. Each is quite worth reading in its own vein; and they convince one that a lot more, in these and other veins, is yet to be written in the Turnerian interpretation of American literature.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Your Nervous Child

Your Nervous Child, by Erwin Wexberg. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 178 pages. $1.75.

THE major value of this small book is to call attention to a full-grown problem. With all the stream of literature on child-psychology and child-training, and all the clubs and platforms and popular articles enforcing the newer views, which certainly have done much to relieve the errors of past generations, and with the specific emphasis directed to the education of parents, it still remains true that the problem of childhood is not as definitely understood as the expert knowledge of the day makes possible. Just because of the large number of instruments in this child-study orchestra, it is difficult to distinguish the solo parts; and when these are assumed by those with louder, rather than better trained, facilities for expression, the result is as often a notable discord as a new harmony. It was only when Dr. Cameron published his little volume on "The Nervous Child" that the significance of many familiar child symptoms became clear, but his book did not gather headway for a number of years. To have the same position reënforced from the Teutonic countries is welcome, especially as the Freudian insight, which has its origin there, has played a part in bringing about the understanding of the nervous responses in early childhood.

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Dr. Wexberg has produced a readable and altogether useful little volume. For the largest American consumption, it is somewhat too abstract, carrying the theme in general terms, when specific illustrations would be much more helpful. There is not a sufficient setting in order of the several types of nervousness; nothing to help the reader to understand their relations; but there is a good account of the consequences and the causes of the neurotic disposition, with advice as to prevention and correction. The major thesis: that many of the difficulties in the behavior of children can be understood only as a section of neurology, is the important one; and from this it follows that the exclusively moral approach, which is interested only in what children do and in preventing them from doing the more inconvenient things, is not only unintelligent but futile.

The second guiding principle is the adaptation of all guidance to these natural tendencies and the nervous element in their expression. Since childhood is the nervous stage of development, the normal individual is far more nervous as a child than in any later period. It is more important to consider nervous symptoms in childhood; and what we speak of as outgrowth is largely outgrowing nervousness. It is well to remember that the majority of children are not sufficiently nervous to base the technique of training too largely on the cure of neurosis. Were this the case, the human race could hardly have survived. But there is a sufficient element of this tendency in all children, and a sufficient proportion of children in whom nervousness is the central consideration of their entire behavior, to bring the topic well into the focus of all education. So that Dr. Wexberg is justified in calling his book, quite without bias, "Your Nervous Child."

JOSEPH JASTROW.

A Skeptical Realist

The Rebellious Puritan: Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne, by Lloyd Morris. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 362 pages. $4.

HAWTHORNE has had the misfortune, since his death, of becoming known as a gloomy figure who wrote romances in an ethereal world. Consequently, he is given respectful honor and is little read. But in Mr. Lloyd Morris' sympathetic and well documented study, the man and the writer emerge solidly, and the legendary Hawthorne of intangible fancies disappears. When we take off the literary stiff collar and black tie with which the accidents of birth and training had furnished him, we find an ardent spirit and a practical, salty mind.

He stands out clearly in this biography as the most skeptical observer of the Golden Day in New England. He was surrounded with men—and women—who believed fervently in many causes: in education, in philosophy, in abolition, in religious doctrines, in a moral code. Hawthorne watched his friends and neighbors, as a sailor watches the winds, and raised knuckly doubts over all of their theories. His childhood had been passed in a town where men professionally hunted down sin in others; he spent most of his mature life wondering if the commission of a sin, instead of being an ugly fault, was not the only thing which made a moral career possible. As a young man, he went to the meetings of the Transcendentalists, who bored him, in order to see the girl he was in love with. For practical reasons he became a charter member of the Brook Farm Colony; and after pitching manure for a few months, his conclusion was that the best ideals, when they float away from the normal development of life, do more harm than good. Later he married into a family of reformers and decided that an attempt to reform one obvious evil merely breeds a hundred less obvious ones. During the Civil War he lived in isolation in New England, unconvinced that there was any need for keeping the Union intact or giving the slaves their freedom. He was willing to let the South take its independence and go. As Mr. Morris says, he "habitually reached his conclusions by observing life rather than by absorbing doctrine." And his conclusion was usually a question. It is this directness of thought which makes his mind still interesting and gives him his title to a share of greatness among American writers.

As Hawthorne develops in his biography, the growth of his books becomes clear. He had inherited the seriousness of the Puritan, but he devoted it to probing all of the Puritan doctrines. No matter how perfect a moral or intellectual ideal sounded in its abstract statement, he was not content until he had turned it into terms of conduct and observed its effects. He usually found that its effect was the opposite of what had been intended. And each of his novels was a passionate question mark, rising out of the common sense of living, which he placed after one or another current dogma.

There was also the question of his aloofness, which marked his personal life as his skepticism marked his intellectual, and about which he deceived himself and the world. He was convinced that he was a detached spectator of life, but every book he wrote betrayed, by the intensity of its questioning, that he was deeply involved. The truth was that, after a lonely childhood in a morbid family, early sickness which threw him back on books for companionship, and years of poverty when he had grown up, he was unfitted, practically, for any other role. But he writhed in his solitude, and it brought him only bitterness and premature old age. During the periods when he was writing, he groaned for some other kind of job; but the jobs he got—such as measuring coal in Boston harbor or signing papers as American consul in Liverpool—made such small demands on his energy that he loathed each of them within a month. After years of silence he returned to writing. But the task was repugnant to him, and ultimately it grew impossible to force himself to write any longer. Fame, which had once been a strong incentive, now seemed worthless. With a bitter sense of being full of unspent energy, and yet empty and unable to spend it, he looked forward to death as an escape from a straitjacket which had become unendurable. He saw his life ending with the feeling that he had not lived. It had been "a life of much smolder and a scanty fire," he wrote three months before his death. This personal tragedy is less emphasized in "The Rebellious Puritan," but it is implicit in the story.

Mr. Morris' picture of both the man and the writer is serious and understanding. His eye is fixed on Hawthorne, and everything he includes is for the purpose of making his subject clearer. The result is an important biography and a three-dimensional man in whom one can believe. Unfortunately, however, the reader has to divine this living figure beneath a painfully correct afternoon-coat style. When Mr. Morris wants to tell us that Emerson could not thaw out Hawthorne's reserve with neighborly chat, he writes that "his kindly tentatives were destitute of efficacy." Mr. Morris seems to be afraid to risk himself yet to the direct, flexible words and natural images which keep speech alive. His book has the air of being a social function where the author is over-careful to speak in a cultured tone. And yet,

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he has proved that, in handling his subject, he can be intelligent, independent and comprehending. Perhaps in succeeding books, with the assurance of having once proved this, his constriction will drop off and he will be able to let his own voice speak out. In that case it will be not only profitable but pleasurable to read him.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

Archeological Pacifism

Downland Man, by H. J. Massingham. New York: George H. Doran Company. 422 pages. $6.

IN THIS book, the author's report on old British sites is inextricably interwoven with the hypotheses of his masters—that remarkable triumvirate composed of the late Dr. Rivers, Professor Elliot Smith, and Mr. W. J. Perry. It is, therefore, impossible to characterize the volume without taking cognizance of its theoretical foundations and the scientific personalities involved. Of the three men, Dr. Rivers is the only one who can lay claim to professional competence as a student of cultural anthropology, which he advanced by extensive field researches, by suggestive theoretical and methodological studies, and by his stimulating personality. Even Dr. Rivers, however, was amazingly ignorant of certain departments of culture history; and, more important still, he was not of the classical Newtonian type of intellect that ponders problems for years, is never satisfied with the rigor of a demonstration, and does not shrink from squashing dozens of ideas in the silence of the laboratory. Accordingly, gold and dross are variously combined in his writings, and it would be absurd to regard him as a supreme arbiter of moot questions. Professor Elliot Smith is a distinguished anatomist, who by his own efforts has attained some sound conclusions on the history of civilization, along with others almost universally regarded by experts as highly questionable. He naturally knows little of the history of social anthropology, and, humanly enough, pleads in his preface against the "pose of professional exclusiveness" assumed by "an archeologist or an ethnologist" and against "the bias that goes with these high-sounding words." What Mr. Perry's training has been, I cannot discover from a careful perusal of his principal work: it is not that of an ethnologist or historian.

Mr. Massingham's anthropological status is one remove in a negative direction from Mr. Perry's. His cocksureness, accordingly, is quite equal to Professor Elliot Smith's or Mr. Perry's at its worst. "Civilization" goes back exclusively to Egypt, where alone it evolved naturally, all other samples of it being marred importations of Egyptian achievement. Away from the Nile, the watchword of culture history was not progress but decadence. Furthermore, humanity did not practise warfare until the invention of large-scale agriculture in Egypt and Babylonia goaded the greed for wealth and power. "If the Egyptians had not discovered agriculture and learned how to work metals, the whole world might well have stagnated in primitive and Christian habits to the present day."

It has been said of Michelangelo's poems that they were conceived by a man of vigorous intellect not accustomed to writing verse. Professor Elliot Smith's is a vigorous intellect not used to dealing with cultural phenomena; Mr. Perry and Mr. Massingham share his unfamiliarity with cultural phenomena. They do not seem to know anything of the technique and motivation of Plains-Indian warfare. Mr. Perry is capable of representing the Aztec as a pastoral people and incapable of understanding what is known as the "dual organization." None of them is willing to explain from whom the Maya of Yucatan borrowed their arithmetical notation, with its zero concept, unknown even to the ancient Greeks. None of them deigns to explain the numerous inventions rooted in the localities occupied by primitive folk, and not possibly diffused by the Egyptians—say, the preparation of manioc in South America or of acorns in California or the construction of snow-goggles in the Arctic.

Professor Elliot Smith would doubtless rule out of court the biological speculations of an author who should confuse the medulla oblongata with the femur; and he would probably deprecate the imputation of "professional exclusiveness" for doing so in the "high-sounding" name of anatomy. He may rest assured that the reasons why professional anthropologists personally friendly to him reject his and Mr. Perry's brand of diffusionism are far from sheer pedantry. There is a threshold of technical knowledge that *must* be passed before speculation can become fruitful. This applies to the history of culture at least as much as to any biological subject. As for Mr. Massingham, his archeological pacifism doubtless proceeds from the most estimable humanitarianism—the desire to prove the possibility of a halcyon future for mankind—but his role is merely that of a pamphleteer on behalf of the dogmas of his school.

This is not to deny that he has industriously inspected such archeological sites as Avebury, Silbury Hill, and the Long Barrows. With the aid of pen and camera, he gives a vivid picture of their main features, sometimes enhancing the impression by telling quotations from old sources. Whatever may be said in criticism, no reader is likely to fall asleep over the volume. Mr. Massingham is an effective writer, even if the periodic thumbing of his nose at Dr. Elliot Smith's adversaries becomes monotonous.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

Manhattan

Manhattan: The Magical Island: One hundred and eight pictures of Manhattan with Prelude and Descriptive Notes by Ben Judah Lubschez. New York: Press of the American Institute of Architects, Inc. $15.

HERE is a living biography of New York today; here, in 108 variously graphic photographs, is the eye's reward for all that the body endures in its peregrinations about the city: here are the slums of the East Side without the sickening smell of poverty, a smell which lingers there in spite of statistical proofs of prosperity; here is Fifth Avenue, magnificent, without the stench of gasoline; here is the Barclay-Vesey Building, a magnificent ghost looming over the ghosts of St. Paul's graveyard; here are skyscrapers without traffic congestion, and the marvellous patterns of sunlight underneath the elevated, without the appalling rumble of trains and the suicidal ribbon of traffic. This is the New York that we love; the New York that haunts us, in darkest moments, with apparitions of unexpected beauty. Mr. Lubschez has looked upon this magic city with a tender and sympathetic eye: occasionally I miss the almost crystalline hardness which I associate with the city at its best; but I am not sure whether this is due to the camera itself or to the half-tone process, which so often robs black and white of their delicacy of definition; and at any rate, Mr. Lubschez presents all the favorite views of one who knows the byways of the city: the Brooklyn Bridge from the waterfront, the Woolworth Building, through the pillars of the Municipal Building, the friendly push and

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cl r of an East Side Market, the sunlit colonnade, fading into a misty perspective, of the Pennsylvania Station cabway, the rear of the Public Library, the magnificent upward swoop of Washington Bridge, and the calm massive quality of High Bridge itself. There are a hundred other vistas of the city; I mention only those that fall most readily upon the inward eye when, far away from Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, it enjoys the bliss of solitude. The New York that Mr. Lubschez has portrayed is already passing: the Madison Square Tower is down: High Bridge is being altered: Fort Washington Park, one of the few spots where, till recently, one could have quiet visions within five minutes walk of the subway, will be forever ruined as a haven by serving as the eastern anchorage of the new Hudson Bridge: Park Avenue, too, has already sacrificed the central parkway that gave it scale and the air of leisured ease to the quite tempo ffectual relief of automobile traffic: the city cl shes, even as we talk about it.

Mr. Lubschez has aided in giving the New York that we love and know—the New York that, in some strange tart way, we love in spite of all our knowledge—what small share of permanence it must have to linger in the minds of men; it would not be strange if his photographs lasted much longer than the stones that they portrayed. At all events, Mr. Lubschez has published a fine biography of the present city; if it is not the city that the wise and patient eye of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz has disclosed for us, and if it is not the sharp, raucous, mechanical city in which Mr. Paul Strand has taken so much graphic pleasure, it is still the record of a sensitive and able man who has come close to Manhattan in her moments of majestic coldness, and surprised her in her moments of intimacy. This is the New Yorkers' "Book of Hours." LEWIS MUMFORD.

Fiction Notes

Rogues and Vagabonds, by Compton Mackenzie. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

CHARM, the aroma of forgotten gas-lit theaters, clings to this book, which opens promisingly with a display of superior fireworks by Madame Oriano in Neptune's Grotto, Pimlico. Many years later, the great-grandson of this preposterous Italian lady and the inheritor of her vagabond blood runs away from home to become Bram the Clown, "an incarnate spirit of old London." He dies suddenly, tragically, and his wife is left to wander over England as a trouper, in order to support her little girl. The story abounds in Dickensian characters, actors, garrulous landladies and one recognizable blood brother to Uriah Heap. Unfortunately, however, it lacks form or apparent purpose, and dwindles away in an anti-climax. One feels that Mr. Mackenzie had no central theme, but merely an antiquarian desire to revive the glamor of theatrical England during the past century. Glamor he does achieve, to a certain degree, but his stage folk lack the pithy reality of Leonard Merrick's characters. E. H. W.

Mr. Gilhooly, by Liam O'Flaherty. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. O'FLAHERTY still clings to the base and the sordid as a fitting medium of expression for a talent that is indubitably growing and expanding. His prose reveals an elasticity, a kind of strident ease, many removes from the uncouth dissonance of "The Informer." But there remains the relentless ferocity of motif, the complete absorption in the meanest aspects of human life. One cannot deny the savage power of this book, but, on the other hand, one can hardly fail to question its value. Mr. Gilhooly, retired South American engineer, and man about town, is appealed to for protection by a girl starving in the streets. He takes her to live with him, and straightway becomes enslaved by her. Here the story, which seemed about to launch itself upon something significant, wavers and breaks, and thereafter becomes a series of studies of various aspects of drunkenness. At some time, somehow, the idea takes root in the man's mind that he must kill the girl. Yet, when he does so, we grope blindly for any key to his conduct except that of drink. In other words, the last half of the book is without sufficient motivation, is just a wallow of brutality; and when Mr. Gilhooly falls backward into a canal and muddy water gurgles over him, we draw a breath of relief and hasten from the scene. E. B. H.

Joykin, by Michael Arabian. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

JOYKIN" is the first novel of Michael Arabian, a young Armenian who may be suspected of entering Mr. Arlen's London terrain with eyes inspirationally focused upon "The Green Hat," and with an intention to imitate the suave tread of his experienced compatriot. The story opens in a smart night club where Peter Ardleigh, an aristocratic Englishman, picks up acquaintance with Joan Challis, a young person not so well accredited socially. Several hours later, the initial scene between the two concludes in Peter's bedroom, but, when complications ensue, Mr. Arabian does not permit his heroine to end it all by ramming a tree with her motor. Joan, alias Joykin, takes up book-binding; after a good deal of vacillation, she also permanently takes on Peter. In spite of some commonplace melodramatic expression and contrived situations, the novel proves that Mr. Arabian has a promising talent for honest observation and lively writing. Joykin's story is really an artless tune of love, though jerkily timed and scored for jazz instruments. J. R.

Your Cuckoo Sings by Kind, by Valentine Dobrée. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT IS a very young cuckoo that Valentine Dobrée follows from a bad nest to a good one, and leaves *en route* for a questionable third. Christina is only fifteen at the end of the book. Her actual age is of small consequence, however, since she is one of the congenitally old who never quite grow up. The important thing is—she is real and her world is real. Her type is not unique in literature. She has an ancestor in "Home Influence," and near relatives in "Told by an Idiot" and "The Constant Nymph." Her distinction lies in the sharpness with which her feelings are made over to the reader. Whether it is the discomfort of tight clothes, the tragedy of a broken doll, or a dark passion for an older brother, her sensations are fairly burnt into one, physically as well as emotionally. One might even say physically rather than emotionally; for she is the sort whose crises are always complicated by nausea. It is Mrs. Dobrée's triumph to present Christina and her contemporaries as individuals rather than children, moving with dignity through a world drawn to scale. In connection with characters so thoroughly realized, one can be almost grateful for a literary style that is adequate but not

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distinguished. Nowadays, when so many are saying nothing with great *éclat,* it is good to find manner completely overshadowed by matter. B. G.

In Such a Night, by Babette Deutsch. New York: The John Day Company. $2.

TO LET all the characters in a story have the floor, one after the other, is a somewhat dangerous liberality. It seems better, usually, that some of them should be seen and not heard. But the device is sometimes successful, and, in the case of this book, seems to have arisen from an honest desire on the author's part to get at the roots of the matter. That this particular attempt does not quite succeed is perhaps because the analysis has not been sufficiently radical. The story is concerned with the events of one night—a house-warming at which the guests are drawn from the opposed camps of the husband and the wife, from the market and from the studio, and in the course of which one of the women, embarrassingly enough, gives birth to a child. The situation is full of possibilities, but calls either for more incisive or more superficial treatment than the author has been able to give it. T. S. M.

The Arrow, by Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

HERE is Christopher Morley in lighter vein—if you can imagine such a thing. The tale is of a young gentleman—in fact, a Rhodes Scholar—who takes ship for England, discovers London, is transfixed by Cupid's dart. Just at this point is where the author's notorious whimsicality creeps in. But we must not give the show away. The story is of capsule size, and homeopathic; if taken at a gulp, is not unpleasant, and is absolutely guaranteed to have no effects, of any kind. When Mr. Morley first began to practise his trade, it was hoped that he might offer us some kind of spice, purgative or rare herb that would perhaps be worth the purchase. Well, again it is only a sugar pill. But a sugar pill will never be a drug on the American market. T. S. M.

Dear Old Templeton, by Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

FOR all that its hero is a dreamy, whimsical writer whose books have become outmoded in a sophisticated age, and that the heart-aches of a restless young generation play havoc with the plot, "Dear Old Templeton" strikes one as a novel which is almost refreshingly old-fashioned. It abuses the laws of coincidence and it is often outrageously sentimental, but there is a certain wise tranquillity at the core which saves the book from mediocrity. Alice Brown knows how to tell a swift, pleasing story with its roots in inner experience. And incidentally, Templeton, who deplores the lack of mystery in modern life and decides, at forty, to escape from routine into a wider realm of the imagination, has some very fine and shrewd things to say about realism in modern literature. It is to the credit of the book that Templeton is a satisfying picture of a man who "did dearly love the written word." E. H. W.

Working Bullocks, by Katherine Susannah Prichard. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

IN THE forests of Australia, where life centers in the harsh routine of lumber camps and mills, men toil and risk their lives to feed the hungry saws. Miss Prichard likens these men to the submissive bullocks, doggedly laboring and breeding, and forever dragging logs. Her novel has vigor and somewhat of the raw beauty inherent in the world she describes. Good as it is in pictorial quality, the book suffers because her characters are merely abstractions, sentimentalized and shaped to the requirements of her theme. They are strong-bodied creatures, attracted to one another by "deep unutterable bonds" of animal passion, and they are very monotonous. They drink and lust and sorrow—and remain unreal. Perhaps it is humor which is lacking, the robust humor which James Stevens brought to "Paul Bunyan" and "Brawnyman," two other sagas of the lumber camp. Miss Prichard has caught the feeling of tall forests and roaring timber mills, but the tough skins of her "working bullocks" have resisted penetration. E. H. W.

Mosquitoes, by William Faulkner. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

IT WAS an unfortunate inspiration which permitted the publishers to say, [illegible] irresistibly reminded of 'South Wind' by this book [illegible] first heat of disavowal, one is apt to overlook [illegible] which "Mosquitoes" actually possesses. The author has wit, and an ear neatly attuned to the idiom of professional conversationalists. Moreover, he had an idea. On the yacht of a New Orleans matron, he gathers an ill assorted party of folk—writers, artists, sculptors, social climbers—with a tough pair of "sweeties" casually gathered in for leaven. He then lets them buzz and sting at one another for several days, perform strange antics, and chatter endlessly. The scheme was good, but there is a flaw. The story of these mosquitoes becomes in itself droning and wearisome, because the author's cleverness is so very barren and because his taste is questionable. "Mosquitoes" demonstrates again the curious truth that our authors seem to lack the flare for satire and foamy brilliance possessed by a Huxley, a Douglas, or a Firbank. The sophistication of the novel is labored, and the smoothness of the effect marred, by Joycean passages and bursts of purple lyricism—logical in the characters from which they emanate, but inappropriate to the whole. Tricks of phrasing, amusing when first met, are likewise sadly overworked. The book, however, is a step towards an urbanity in fiction which we can well afford and which the author himself shows promise of one day attaining. E. H. W.

Contributors

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